JOHN BULL, NOVEMBER 17, 1923. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.* Postage in U.K. or Abroad, ½d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXIV. No. 911. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1923. TWOPENCE.

Moments with Violetta
"Lux"
Chocolates
are well filled with selected Creamy Centres, skilfully blended to give a superb flavour.
10 for 6d. 20 for 1/-
H. Sharvis & Sons, Ltd., London, E.1

44 PAGES THIS WEEK

Triumph of our Great Séance

Don't give colds a *chance!*

THE HANDY SIZE
1/9
The Household Size at 3/- is most suitable for use where there's a family

The words "Fruit Salt" and ENO are the registered trade marks of J. C. ENO Ltd., London, S.E.

Keep yourself fit—and you need not dread the Winter. It's only when your system is relaxed or weakened that colds and influenza get their chance.

So guard against indigestion, biliousness, "liver" and constipation, for these quickly lower your vitality and make you an easy prey to Winter ailments. The ENO Rule of Health is the simplest, pleasantest, most effective way to keep your system in perfect trim. Just this: *First thing every morning, drink a glass of water (warm or cold) sparkling with a dash of ENO's "Fruit Salt."*

Take this timely advice—buy a Handy Size bottle at your chemist to-day.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"
TRADE MARK

GRAVES

GRAVES GRAMOPHONES

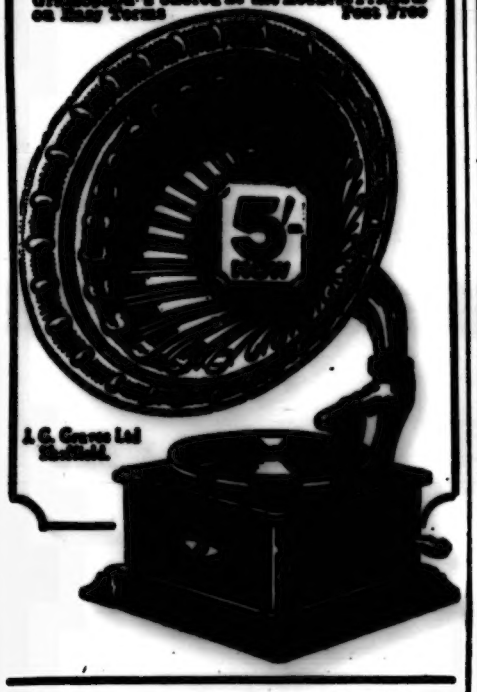
are better value than ever. Handsome powerful instruments of exquisite tone and dependable quality constructed in our own manufactory, offered at the keenest competitive price and on the Easiest Terms of Payment ever made

WE DELIVER Graves Gramophone, (either Hornless or Horn Model, as desired) securely packed and carriage paid to approved orders for 5/- with order. If you are satisfied with the machine after trial in your home, the balance is payable in monthly payments of 5/- Money refunded in full if you are disappointed.

GRAVES HORNLESS GRAMOPHONE has beautifully polished Cabinet of selected oak (size 16½ x 14 x 7½ins) Powerful Motor with worm drive, silent & even running, Speed Regulator, Taper Tone Arm & finest quality Sound Box. All bright parts heavily nickel plated. £3 : 10 : 0

GRAVES GRAMOPHONE (Horn Model) has Cabinet, size 12½ x 12½ x 7ins beautifully polished and tastefully decorated Powerful, skilfully built silent motor, Taper Tone Arm, Speed Controller, decorated Sound Horn, and finest quality Sound Box. Price £3 : 5 : 0

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of our newest Models of Horn and Hornless Gramophone s offered at the Keenest Prices & on Easy Terms Post Free



"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE INSURANCE GIFT

10,000 Benefits Paid

Your Deadliest Enemy is FIRE! In spite of all your precautions it may visit your home any day. Why not let JOHN BULL cover you up to £400?

OVER 10,000 Benefits paid! Another milestone reached to mark the sweeping progress made by "John Bull's" Great Free Insurance Gift. Steadily, week by week, "John Bull's" Gift, long recognised as the most generous, the most comprehensive, and the most practical ever offered, continues to be a boon to hundreds of our readers. If you have not yet done so, sign the forms below now. *The names of the hundreds who benefit this week unavoidably held over owing to lack of space.*

Storm!—You can protect your home up to £300 by accepting JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance Gift.

What "JOHN BULL" Pays

If you have not already done so, cut out and pin this List of New and Increased Benefits to your Registration Certificate.

FIRE.

£400—against loss by fire to the reader's household furniture or personal effects,

£1000—In case of death of husband and wife directly due to fire at registered reader's home,

£500—In case of death of one under similar circumstances,

£250 or £125 in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances,

£2 PER WEEK maximum total during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks),

ACCIDENTS IN HOME AND GARDEN

The undermentioned benefits all apply to the husband or wife of the registered reader:—

£250—loss of life,

£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one limb and one eye,

£125—loss of one limb or one eye,

£3 PER WEEK up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull.

HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS.

£300—loss caused by storm, tempest or flood to the registered reader's household furniture or personal effects,

£300—loss caused by lightning, thunderbolt, or earthquake,

£100—loss by explosion of gas or domestic boilers,

£100—loss by bursting of hot-water pipes or heating apparatus,

£300—loss caused by aeroplanes, airships, or other aerial craft,

£300—loss by damage by riots or civil commotion,

£1000—In case of death of husband and wife (permanently residing together) by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers entering for the purpose of robbery,

£500—If one is killed under similar circumstances,

£500 or £250 in respect of each, for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances,

£10—Medical Fees for injuries by violence caused by burglars, housebreakers or fire,

£6 PER WEEK for both or £3 per week for either up to 4 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers or fire,

SICKNESS BENEFITS.

The undermentioned benefits all apply to the husband or wife of the registered reader:—

£5 5s.—for total disablement by ill ness consequent upon Typhoid, Measles, Smallpox, Typhoid Fever, Typhus Fever, Cerebro-spinal Fever or "Spotted Fever" Asiatic, and Tetanus (or Lockjaw). These benefits are only applicable to readers between the ages of 16 and 65 who have been registered for twenty-one days prior to the illness manifesting itself.

SPORTS.

£250—In case of death if the registered reader be killed accidentally while playing—

Football Tennis
Cricket Hockey
Golf Lacrosse

as an amateur on a recognised playing ground,

£3 PER WEEK up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull,

BOATING AND BATHING.

£250—If the reader be accidentally drowned while as a pastime boating on or bathing in the sea at any seaside resort, or in any river or public swimming bath, providing that the reader be not a professional oarsman or boatsman, and that in case of boating, the boat be not a passenger steamer,

Sickness strikes down the fit and unfit alike. JOHN BULL will pay £5 5s. towards the settling of your doctor's bill.

Accidents WILL Happen—JOHN BULL covers you against home accidents up to £250. This is in addition to any benefits you may receive from other sources.

The simple act of filling up these forms ONCE fully qualifies the reader for the benefits offered and continues to do so, so long as this Insurance Gift and the order to the Newsagent remain in force. There is no need to fill in the forms again except in case of change of address or change of newsagent.

CUT HERE

J.B. 17.11.23.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature.....

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date..... .....

One ½d. Stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate verifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

CUT HERE

J.B. 17.11.23.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date..... .....

Motor Information Coupon.

Please send me information regarding the following cars:

.....

.....

.....

Fill in the details and these particulars will be sent you. Address Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

The Biggest Made to Measure Suit Bargain this season

We have been fortunate in securing a stock of suiting cloths from a woollen merchant who is giving up business.

They are all medium and the better-class materials. There is nothing inferior.

They comprise Scotch, Yorkshire and West of England woollen suitings, and in the ordinary way a suit made from these would cost 4 to 6 guineas.

We don't want these to interfere with our regular trade, **and there is not enough of them to distribute between all our shops.** So we have decided to confine this bargain offer to our mail order customers.

ALL AT ONE PRICE—

£3 per Suit

MADE TO MEASURE

No Extras whatever

You can have what style you like, as many pockets and extras as you please, and no matter how big you are, not one penny extra will be charged. About 10 days required to complete your order.

Guarantee :—If the suit when delivered to you does not give perfect satisfaction both as regards quality and fit, we guarantee to refund your money in full.

This guarantee is backed by "John Bull."

Seize this opportunity now and write for the free patterns, mentioning "John Bull," or fill in the Coupon below.

Remember : You can only get this special offer by Mail Order and NOT at our shops.

CUT OUT AND FILL IN THIS COUPON OR WRITE A LETTER MENTIONING "JOHN BULL."

TO CURZON BROS., LTD., The World's Measure Tailors, 28 & 27, New Bridge St., London, E.C.4.

Please send me the Patterns of your £3 Made-to-Measure Bargain Suit offer, together with Fashion Book and Self-Measure Form.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

IS YOUR HAIR FALLING?

Amazing Discovery of Hair Growing Secret.

PROVED BY NEARLY 1,000 DOCTORS

32 pp. ILLUSTRATED BOOK FREE.

If you are afraid of going bald, if your hair causes you the slightest anxiety, if it is dry and brittle, full of scurf or dandruff, if it is fading or falling out, even if you are bald, send a card at once for a free copy of an intensely interesting 32-page Illustrated Book about the startling hair-growing discovery that has caused such a sensation in medical circles.

So amazing has been the success of this new hair food, Humagsolan, that a special complimentary edition of its explanatory treatise has been prepared, and you should apply at once by letter or postcard to make sure of obtaining your free copy. It gives in clear, easy to understand language full details of the discovery that has revolutionised hair treatment. And it tells how Humagsolan has conquered hair troubles that have hitherto defied every form of treatment.

For years Scientists have known that all hair troubles come because the hair roots are starved of their proper nutriment. Dr. David Walsh, M.D., Edin., points out: "..... Like all other tissues of the body, including teeth and bone, hair derives its nourishment from the blood."

You, probably, and most of the general public do not know this, but the **Medical Profession** know it, and that is why

NEARLY A THOUSAND DOCTORS

and leading British Hospitals have endorsed Humagsolan; a wonderful new Hair Food that is made up in tablet form. It builds up from within the roots of the hair and positively makes hair grow. From the moment the treatment is commenced, Humagsolan stops the hair from falling out, and it begins to grow stronger and thicker; bald patches disappear and natural vigorous growth is resumed. Humagsolan has been known to effect this wonderful change in the short space of a fortnight. Success can practically be guaranteed with one month's course of treatment. Many wise people who rejoice in good heads of hair take Humagsolan regularly to preserve its health. It will improve even the most beautiful hair.

If you have the slightest anxiety about your hair, if you are faced every morning with Nature's warning, do not delay! Send a letter or card for a special free copy of the intensely interesting 32-page Illustrated Book, which embodies the whole of this interesting subject, together with sketches showing how hair grows, the position of the hair roots and how they function, etc. It also includes chapters on Hygiene of the Hair, Your Brush and Comb, Scurf and Dryness, Greasy Hair, Splitting Hair, Baldness, Nervous and Constitutional Troubles, Loss of Colour, Greyness, Alopecia, What the Doctors say, etc.

DO NOT DELAY—WRITE TO-DAY.

Do not hesitate to apply for a copy. It is sent to you **post free, and implies no obligation on your part whatever.**

If you care to state in confidence any particulars concerning the nature of your hair trouble, a personal letter of advice will be sent free of all obligation on your part.

Applications for this valuable Book should be addressed to:—

HUMAGSOLAN, Ltd., 71D, Faraday House, 10, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

3,000 GIFTS AT FACTORY PRICES!
WRITE NOW!
Save money this Xmas by buying your Gifts direct from Factory. A postcard brings you H. SAMUEL'S
FREE BOOK OF 3,000 GIFTS
packed with amazing Factory Bargains and lists of splendid
FREE PRIZES!
FREE BOOK OF 3,000 GIFTS
Diamonds and Ruby Crystals in Claw setting
34/-
Gold Pendant Charming Design.
30/-
H. SAMUEL, Ltd.
Market St., Manchester.

FOR

Half-a-Crown

YOU CAN BE

WHIRLED

INTO

HAPPINESS

By Winning the First Prize of

£5,000

IN THE

Blind Ballot

In aid of the National Institute for the Blind

(Registered under the Blind Persons Act, 1920)

UNDER DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE.

Think of it! Five Thousand Pounds for five sixpences: and there are other wonderful prizes. £2,000, £1,000, and heaps more amounting to

£10,000 in Prizes.

Take as many tickets as you can afford, as the happiness of large numbers of Blind people depends upon the success of this Competition, and in doing this for the Blind you may bring yourself wealth beyond your wildest dreams.

Tickets can be obtained from **54, Church St., Blackpool; 12, Oxford Street, Manchester;** and from

The Hon. Treasurers, BLIND BALLOT, Palace Chambers, Bridge St., Westminster, LONDON, S.W.1.

Please send me..... 2/6 Ticket(s).

I enclose { P.O. / Cheque } value.....and stamped addressed envelope.

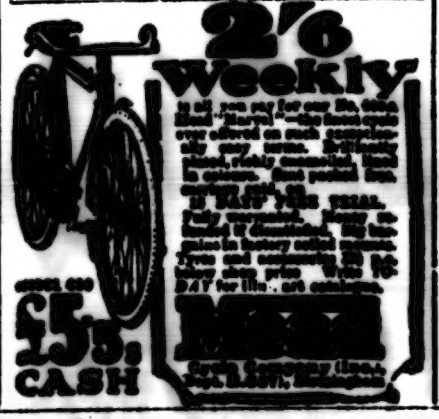
Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

(Please write distinctly and in ink). J.B.5.



The Mail Order Market

A PERFECT POSTAL SERVICE for BARGAIN-HUNTERS

WHEN ORDERING
Write name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send Money and Treasury Notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

JOHN BULL THIS Guarantees CHAIR

The Qualitor EASY CHAIR

Ere you meet our wonderful photographs and patterns to know its real worth. Deeply, softly sprung to last an age, REAL TAPESTRY coverings hard timbered non-oak frame. Beautiful, comfortable, exclusive design.

£4-15-0 CARR. PAID.

Send 1½ FREE Details!

THE QUALITOR UPHOLSTERY CO., HAMMER STREET, LEEDS

SHEETS BIG BARGAIN OFFER

ANOTHER BIG OFFER. 500 parcels direct from the Bury Weaving Mills, each containing 2 Pairs of Magnificent full size Unbleached Super Twill Sheets to be cleared at 19/6 per parcel, carriage paid to any address in the British Isles. These sheets weigh 4 lbs. per pair, measure 70 by 90 inches, and sell usually at 14/6 a pair: they are the best wearing Sheets obtainable, and are known throughout the British Isles for their durability. Sheets are always useful—get them now and save money. Cash refunded in full if not delighted with your bargain. Be wise and send for your parcel to-day.

19/6 TWO PAIRS.

ASHTON & CO. (K. Dept.), UNION ST., BURY, LANCASHIRE.

HALL-ROLL STOCKINETTE

A THOUSAND USES IN HOME or FACTORY

Exceptional Offer! Brand New STOCKINETTE—white, cream and soft. For dusters, cleaning cloths, polishers, all home purposes. Used universally in factories by Engineers, Motorists, etc. Useful and economical.

25 yds 4/6: 50 yds 8/6. Carriage paid.

Send today for Sample

2 yds 6D POST FREE HALL & SON 52/6 MOORE ST. SHEFFIELD

NO- POWDER or PASTE

All the polishing properties are contained in the knife cleaner itself—no powder, paste or moisture is needed.

Sole Proprietors: The Non-Clinker Heaters Co., Ltd., Chapel St., Salford, Manchester.

Beware spurious imitations.

7½ 13

KNIFE ~ CLEANER

THE HARDEST KNIFE CLEANER IN THE WORLD

"Here's one for you at your Ironmongers"

Hair Growing Discovery

Many who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using Kotalko. This is composed of genuine bear fat, with the juice of the rare pilocarpus plant and other potent ingredients.

The preparation known as Kotalko may be obtained by sending threepence in stamps for trial size, to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy Street, (53 B.D.), London, W.1. Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when baldness has existed for years.

Send for this TONIC WINE NOW!

Don't envy health! Send to-day for your bottle of "Danzovin," the nerve-strengthening, Rich-forming, blood-making Tonic Wine, Matson established over 100 years.

DANZOVIN TONIC WINE

4/6 POST FREE

Is invaluable to the weak and ailing, for building up after illness and wherever perfect health is sought. Send 4/6 (under cover of money back guarantee) for large bottle to-day from JOSEPH HOBSON & SON IMPERIAL STREET, LEEDS

7/6 NOVELS Given Free!

To all "John Bull" Readers joining the Postal Library.

OVER LIFE'S EDGE	Victoria Cross
THE THING	Gertie Wentworth James
EVERLASTING WHISPER	Jackson Gregory
ON TIPTOE	Stewart Edward White
STOLEN VIRTUE	Charles Kingston

And many others to select from.

A LIBRARY AT YOUR DOOR

A nine book at a time subscription with the Postal Library (allowing frequent exchanges) costs only 3/6 and lasts a lifetime. Exchanges cost a few pence only. There are 2,000 titles by popular authors to select from. Full length editions bound in a convenient size to fit pockets, handbags, etc. Send postcard for lists and entry form and ask for gift book offer N7 Postal Library Service, Addington House, Fulham, S.W. 6.

RUBBER LINED WATERPROOFS

(LADIES' OR GENT'S.)

Fawn or Navy Waterproofs of exceptional value, smart and beautifully made with Storm Collar, Sleeve Tabs and Arm Ventilatio (without belt).

Ladies sizes, 42in. to 50 in. length .. ..
Gent's sizes, 34 in. to 46in. chest.. .. ..

12/6

Postage 9d. extra for one or two Coats. Double Breasted, with Belt all round, 7/6 extra.

SPECIAL.—Extra SUPER quality in Ladies' Double Breasted, in Navy Blue only. 17/6 each. Postage 9d. extra. Money orders and cheques payable to:—

H. SAMUELS, The BURTON WATERHOUSE CO., (Dept. 2.), 20, Stanley's Road, MANCHESTER

Send for this TONIC WINE NOW!

Don't envy health! Send to-day for your bottle of "Danzovin," the nerve-strengthening, Rich-forming, blood-making Tonic Wine, Matson established over 100 years.

DANZOVIN TONIC WINE

4/6 POST FREE

Is invaluable to the weak and ailing, for building up after illness and wherever perfect health is sought. Send 4/6 (under cover of money back guarantee) for large bottle to-day from JOSEPH HOBSON & SON IMPERIAL STREET, LEEDS

HOMOCHORD RECORDS

Always First with the Big Hits, Songs, Fox Trots, etc.

THE RECORD YOU WILL EVENTUALL BUY AND RECOMMEND!

2/6

Ask your dealer for them, or write to: (Dept. J.B.), THE BRITISH HOMOCHORD CO., LTD., 10, City Road, London, E.C.

100 Candle Power 'PIFCO' 4 Hours for 1d.

Incandescent Gas Light

With Common Paraffin.

Safe & Simple, Just use a Match.

Beats Gas or Electric.

7 Days' Trial FREE.

Complete Lamp 30/-

Send no Money. Write for Catalogue.

PIFCO, Ltd., 94, High St., MANCHESTER

Stocked in 37 different styles.

ROOMAK

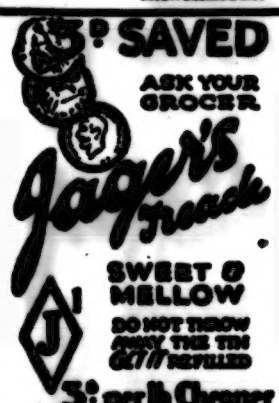
"Gives Everything a Decks Back"

—and cleans as it Rainproofs. You just apply Roomak to the article or garment with a brush, according to the simple instructions, and it is rendered Absolutely Rainproof. Hats, Coats, Boots, Umbrellas, Tents, or any fairly thick fabric. Cannot alter the appearance of, or injure, the material in any way. Money readily returned if it fails to do all we claim. Send 1/- for a tin to-day, post free. HORNE & MORRISON, 12a, REDDO STREET, LONDON, W. 1.

P.B.

SAVED

ASK YOUR GROCER.



Jager's Treacle

SWEET & MELLOW

DO NOT THROW AWAY THE TIN GIVE REVELLED

3d. per lb Cheaper

FURS

at WHOLESALE PRICES

The finest selection of beautiful ready-made FURS in London to choose from. Every article of GUARANTEED QUALITY however low the price paid. *Inspection cordially invited, or write for New Illustrated Catalogue.*

THE WHOLESALE FUR CO., 145, Cheapside, E.C.

Showrooms: First Floor.

A WINTER MODEL for 7/11

Balance by easy monthly instalments

Luxurious coat trimmed Beaver or Mole Coney collar, handsomely ruffled. Gathered at back and sides of low waist, giving panel effect. Sleeves are finished with pin tucks and coat fastens with large ornamental buttons. Obtainable, all wool velour, several shades, outstanding value at 59/11.

Write for patterns and booklet, "Chic and Serviceable Modes."

ALL GOODS SENT ON RECEIPT OF FIRST PAYMENT.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned. All garments made to measure.

LEACH & HARDY Brown Street, MANCHESTER. Dept. J.B.

'THE BOLTON'

DIRECT FROM FACTORY

Carriage Paid on approval

Ball-bearing Tangent Cycle Wheels

£6:17:6

Beautifully Upholstered. Large and Roomy. Loose Cushion Finest Materials and Finish throughout. The Lightest and Easiest Running Carriage made.

Cheaper Models from £3:12:6

Write for Free Catalogue No. 12.

S. BOLTON, 250 & 400, Kingsland Road, London, E.8.

How to Win Five Pounds

IN sending in efforts for our advertisement competition, competitors should bear in mind the two essential features of every good advertisement—attractive and easily read matter, and the value of the goods offered as regards quality and price.

The desire of everyone is to obtain a bargain when spending money. This implies (1) Procuring something that is needed and useful, and (2) Getting such an article or commodity for a reasonable price. To be a bargain a thing need by no means be sold at "knock-out" prices. To determine the "bargain value" of a commodity needs careful thought.

In spite of the fact that it is clearly stated that postcards only should be used, many competitors send letters. These are automatically disqualified. This week the winning efforts are:—

First Prize, £5.—H. Sumner, 46, Lyndhurst Road, Wood Green, N. 22, for: "Curzon's advertisement surpasses others. It is attractive and seasonable, and lucidly explains important details. Furthermore, prices quote coincide with public's reduced spending powers nowadays."

Second Prize, £1.—S. F. Jeffery, 50, Queen's Crescent, Haverstock Hill, N.W.5, for:

(Gibb's Dentifrice Advertisement).—"Clear, attractive and artistic: the commodity is fair-priced and genuine: the free sample coupon entices."

To fifty other competitors consolation prizes have been forwarded. We again offer prizes of £5, £1 and 50 consolation prizes for the best statement *in not more than 24 words* of what is the best advertisement in JOHN BULL, and why. Postcards only, addressed to "Advertisement," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2, to reach here not later than the first post Wednesday, Nov. 21.

The Hat Trick

A HAT is a necessity to a woman, if not to a man, and in these days of forced economy many a struggling city girl worker and country housewife must have been attracted by the advertisements of The London Hat Company, 41, Red Lion Street, Clerkenwell, London, E. C., offering "Beautiful Velveteen Hats For Maids or Matrons" at the low price of 2s. 9d. each, or four for 10s., post free.

Those who have parted with their money, whether 2s. 9d., or 10s., in the hope of reducing their millinery bills, have been grievously disappointed.

Many have waited in vain for weeks for their hats and received nothing but a postcard acknowledging the order and regretting delay in despatch. Some have not been shown even that courtesy.

No less disappointed are those who, after long waiting, have received, crushed into envelopes about nine inches long, travesties of hats, the wearing of which would only make them ridiculous.

Many, reading the notice to which prominence is given in the advertisement, "Money instantly refunded if not satisfied," have felt that all was not lost and returned the worthless things.

The rest is silence. They are left hatless and moneyless.

THE "JOHN BULL" ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL. *If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if sent to us made within one month from the date of this issue.*

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 42, Thomas Street, Manchester.

£5/- Capital and your living guaranteed. —Write now for free guide of Drapery, Books, etc.—H. Marks, 52, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

A.B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery trade. How to start. Useful hints. Worth pounds. Post free. Write to-day.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 8, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERS, Market-Men and beginners. A postcard will bring you our free list of Remnants and Drapery.—Levy's, Ltd., 30a, Commercial Road, London, E.

DRAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only): list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 99, High Street, Manchester.

CRYING DOLLS, with real eyelashes. Beautiful Model Dressed Dolls that go to sleep. Character and undressed dolls. Wonderful value and variety. For £5 we will send you the best sample range it is possible for any expert to select at nearly pre-war prices. Carriage paid and case free. Will show you 50 per cent. profit.—Edward Jones, 5, Briggate, Leeds.

GAS Mantles at nearly pre-war prices. All guaranteed perfect. Upright or inverted, sample dozens sent on receipt of 2/-. Special prices for quantities.—Edward Jones, 5, Briggate, Leeds. Price list of other goods on application.

AGENTS WANTED.

£10 PER MONTH

CAN BE ADDED TO YOUR EARNINGS by selling in spare time Men's and Women's Boots and Shoes, Men's and Women's Clothing, Drapery, Furniture, Bedsteads, Lino, Carpets, Sewing Machines, Baby Carriages, Wringers, Bicycles, China Ware, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, etc. Grand value. Cash or easy terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Men in regular work apply for Illustrated Catalogue and Particulars to PRIEMAN'S, Contractors to H.M. Government, 103 to 107, Lavender Hill, London.

AGENCY (Spare Time) offered to energetic and reliable men, regularly employed, to sell Drapery, Clothing, Boots, etc. Liberal commission. Cash or Easy Payments.—(Dept. J.J.) Ashby, 38, Friar Lane, Leicester.

AGENTS WANTED.—Enormous success of all Agents for "Imperial Art" Series Xmas Cards, Texts and Personal Calendars, Lucky Cards, Wallets, etc. Alluring Sample Album free. Highest commission. No outlay.—Write, Lomas & Co., Publishers, Dept. "B.," Hull.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

DOES £1,000 A YEAR TEMPT YOU? Trained Salesmen earn it. So can you. Employers are begging for men who are masters of scientific salesmanship. You, in your present job, can learn the science of Selling in spare time at home, under Britain's Foremost Exponent, Mr. Wallace Attwood. You risk nothing—a position is guaranteed you at the end of the course, a congenial life in the ranks of the world's most highly paid profession. Don't dally with opportunity, send straight away for intensely interesting book, "The Profession of Salesmanship." No obligation. Write for it to-day.—The Wallace Attwood Correspondence College, 287, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 60 Provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and Suburban Series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London, W.C.2.

£2 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of 30/-. No previous experience necessary.—Write for Particulars, H. Lovain (Dept. J.B.), 142, Houndsditch, London.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. —Write, Noble Street, Pelham St., Nottingham.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in 20 London and Provincial Newspapers for 2/6 (24 words), 50 papers 5/-. Write for free list.—Camden Advertising Agency (Dept. Y.), 61, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

CHEAP POSTERING.—1,000 Billheads 5/-, 5/6. Handbills 4/-, 7/6. Memos, Business Cards, etc. Samp. free.—Curteway Press, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS direct (non-combine), therefore cheapest, from 2½d. Write for free pattern book. —Eclipse Wallpaper Co., Hunslet Road, Leeds.

CYCLISTS!—Write "Catalogue, Please," on a postcard for "The Cyclist's Bargain Book." Amazing reductions in prices of "Captain" Cycles, Tyres, thousands of accessories and Home wants. Pitmatick every time for GREATEST POSSIBLE VALUE. — H. Pitmatick, Dept. 23, Burnley.

STAINLESS CUTLERY.—No more arduous cleaning. Each box, containing 6 each finest quality Firth's Dessert Knives, Nickel-Silver Dessert Forks, Dessert Spoons, Tea Spoons; 24 Pieces high-grade cutlery in case, 20/-, c. pd. —Remit to A. G. Goodfellow, Hill and Goodfellow (Dept. J. B.), Red Lion House, E.C.4.

WHY BUY MATCHES?—Get a scientific Radio Gas Lighter, which gives 10,000 lights, equal to 4 years' service, for 2/2. Always ready, safe, never fails.—Domestic Supply Co., Bigyn, Llanelly.

BEDSTEADS! BEDDING! WHY PAY SHOP PRICES? Newest Patterns in Metal and Wood. Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc., Furniture, bedroom and general. All goods sent direct from factory to Home in perfectly new condition. Send postcard to-day for Illustrated Price Lists. Discount for cash, or by monthly instalments. Established 25 years. — Charles Riley, Dept. 23, Moor Street, Birmingham.

SAFETY RAZOR BLADES!

Guaranteed in every respect Gillette type, fitting any standard holder. Made of the finest steel. Every blade tested and hand finished.

26 DOZEN, post free.

Special Advertising Offer. To every purchaser of six dozen blades we will present FREE a Complete Triple Gold Plated Gillette Cell-up Set. Now selling at 5/-. Good for a lifetime's service.

SMA'L SUPPLY CO., Honley, Huddersfield.

IDEAL Xmas Present.—6 Firth's Stainless Table Knives, 6 delightful Old English Pattern Nickel Silver Forks. High-grade cutlery. Good for lifetime's service. 20/6, p.f. Dessert, 21/6.—Stanbridge, 27, Willow Walk, London, E.C.2.

BOOTS.—Buy Factory Direct. Enormous saving. AGENTS WANTED. Stamp for lists (L) and particulars.—British Boot Co., Bristol.

A GENT'S Suit or Overcoat, West End Style and finish, at 30/-, by a Mayfair Tailor, is an exceptional offer, and every "John Bull" reader should send a postcard for huge range of Patterns, Fashion Book, etc., to Peter Watts, Ltd., Dept. J.B., 98 and 99, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

"JIMMY SPLITS" TABLE FOOTBALL.—Hours of enjoyment. Testimonials leading footballers. 1/6 (postage 3d.). — "Jimmy Splits" Co., Milton, Cumbs.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Shetland Homespuns direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free. —Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Stornoway.

FANCY Leathers, 15 lovely colours, 6d. sq. ft. Ladies, send 2½d. stamp for set of patts.—Catt, Leather Works, Northampton.

MEN'S SUITS, TROUSERS, Lovat Whipcord, straight from manufacturing centre, for strength, smartness, durability. Smart Cloths, splendidly cut to measure, from 12/6. Satisfaction or money returned. Big range convincing patterns free. Get them with a postcard. — Caldene Co. (Dept. J.B.), Hebden Bridge, Yorks.

SCOTCH TWEEDS, Blankets, Wools, Art Silks. Patterns free. Buy direct from Scotland and save middlemen's profits.—Grant (Dept. 2), 211, Union Street, Aberdeen.

You can Play the Piano To-day

By Naunton's National Music System.

IT makes no difference whether you have had previous lessons or not, whether you are eighty years of age or only eight, we guarantee that you can play the piano to-day by this wonderful and simple system. There are no sharps, flats, or theoretical difficulties to worry you, and no tiresome or wearisome exercises or scales to be learnt. You play correctly with both hands at once. No difficulty or drudgery whatever.

FAILURE IS IMPOSSIBLE.

You cannot fail. All you have to do is to sit down to the piano with our music and play it at once—HYMNS, DANCE MUSIC, CLASSICS, ANYTHING.

You can play. Your child can play. Anyone can play.

OVER 50,000 PEOPLE ARE PLAYING BY IT, AND ARE PLAYING PERFECTLY. IF THEY CAN DO IT, SO CAN YOU.

No one need ever say again: "I wish I could play." Everyone can do it to-day.

LET US TELL YOU ALL ABOUT THIS WONDERFUL, SIMPLE and RAPID SYSTEM.

Take advantage of the offer we make on the Coupon, and by return of post you will receive eight tunes which we guarantee you can play: thus you can prove for yourself the simplicity of our system and the accuracy of our statements. This small outlay will open up the delights of the vast realm of music to you, and give you many years of purest pleasure.

A PUPIL WRITES:—

"I think your system is splendid. Before I began on the course I had not any knowledge of music. Now I can play anything. It is the quickest and easiest way anyone could try."

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER COUPON.

JOHN BULL, 17th Nov., 1923.

To the Manager, Naunton's National Music System,

27, High Street, Oxford St., London, W.C.2.

I send herewith postal order for One Shilling and Sixpence, in return for which please send me your "Special No. 1," containing eight tunes, published at 2s. 6d.; also particulars of how I can become a thorough musician.

NOTE.—Please fill in Postal Order payable to Naunton's National Music System. To Colonial and Foreign readers: British Money and Postal Orders only accepted.

Name .....

Address .....

Date .....

BOOTS.—Real officers' Tan Field Boots, ideal for postmen, policemen, etc. 27/6 p.f. Genuine Box Calf Walking Boots, 26/6, p.f. Easily worth double. Agents wanted, trade supplied.—H. Fairman, 46, Broad Street, W.C.2.

A MARVELLOUS WATCH OFFER of interest to Ladies and gentlemen is announced on page 40. You buy these watches under the conditions of the John Bull Advertisement Guarantee. Read the offer now.

LIVESTOCK.

AFRICAN Grey Parrots, Amazons, Young Talking Parrots and tames, from 40/-.—Chapman's, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

COAL.

COAL direct from colliery to consumer.—Trucks any station at wholesale prices, cash. Better coal at less cost.—Boston Colliery Offices, Birmingham.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

WATCH REPAIRERS earn £5 to £10 weekly. The best lucrative spare-time work. Learn the trade in a few weeks by Clarkes' System, and become a competent, practical watchmaker. Easy, fascinating, sure.—Clarkes, 5, High Street, Harpenden.

DON'T BE BULLIED.—Learn secrets of Jiu-Jitsu. Weaponless defence. Easily quickly mastered at home by post. Send 4d. stamp for two lessons or 2/6 for big part of Course. —Yaware (J.B.), 29, Queensway, Hanworth, Middx. Estab. 20 Years.

WRITE the British Tweed House for Free Patterns of their well-known Business Suits to measure; 25/-, 30/-, 37/6. Overcoats 27/6-39/-. Trousers 7/6-10/6.—94, Radford Road, Nottingham.

HARRIS Tweed direct from Crofters, reduced prices. Patts. post free.—Harris Tweed Co., Dept. 27, 13, Lombard St., Inverness.

WIRELESS.

WIRELESS sets by easy payments. Perfect reception. "Listen in" while paying. Free List.—Townsends, Ltd., Ernest St., Birmingham.

MUSICAL.

BOYD PIANOS, world-famed for tone, touch, durability, direct from makers on their deferred payment system.—Catalogue in colours from Boyd, Ltd., Dept. G, 42, Holborn, London.

PIANO TAUGHT in a week; complete, easy instructions; no teacher needed. Money returned if not satisfied.— 2/6. Further particulars free.—Domestic Supply Co., Bigyn, Llanelly.

GRAMOPHONES, 20/-; motors, 15/-; accessories, Violins, accordions cheapest. 32-page list 2d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbull, 139, Old Street, London.

ACCORDIONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments, 1/6. Catalogue free.—Dugdale, 26, King's Chambers, South Street, E.C.2.

DON'T BUY A GRAMOPHONE.—Make your own from our parts and drawings. Easy, fascinating, a perfect instrument, with beautiful tone at a fraction of shop costs. Catalogue free.—Burtt, 308, York Road, London, S.W.18.

PLAY OR PLAY BETTER THIS WINTER. —"Beckerism" means the piano played as it should be—in a third the time with a quarter the work at a tenth the cost. I have so taught thousands by post. Crystal-clear, illustrated a child could understand. A lucid teacher always with you—not half-hour weekly. I guarantee success. Start as beginner or just where you are. Difficulties melt away. Don't miss my book. FREE, for a card (Mrs., Miss, Mr., or Mr.), and one word to suit your case—Beginner, Elementary, Moderate, Advanced.—Mr. H. Becker, 23, Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Arlico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply, or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Aldyard Tablet Co., 30-32, Codnor, Derby.

SHERBOT BRINGS HEALTH AND STRONG CONSTITUTION.—For constipation, weak digestion, poor nerves, depression, low vitality. Is a sure and safe remedy. One month's trial box 1/6.—Energot, 18, Monkborough Gdns., S.W.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. I can cure yourself (or your child). Particulars free.—Grant Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

THE MANUAL OF WISDOM.—Mothers and every married person should write at once for this wonderful and extremely valuable Medical Book, worth many pounds, containing good sound advice and special information of the utmost importance. Should be in every home. Sent absolutely FREE on mentioning this paper. —La Brassour Surgical Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. D. H.), 99-93, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

GOITRE, Enlarged Glands, Tonsils and Tumours quickly cured without operation. Testimonial proofs and advice free.—W. Duncan, M.H., Specialist (Dept. 2.), Medical Hall, 44, Broadway, Grays.

BLADDER Weakness in children, invalids, adults, quickly cured by "Parker's Remedy," 2/-, all Boots' Branches, or 2/6 p.f.—"Parker's Remedy," 18, James Street, Liverpool.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy proved by testimonials. Write The Stanley Institute (J.B.), Exeter Road, London, S.W.2.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!—Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue free.—Address, BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (1763U), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

VARICOSE VEIN CURE AT LAST.—Elasto Tablets cure that perpetual drag on legs by restoring elastic action to the veins themselves. Sounds too good to be true, but write for FREE sample and "NO CURE NO PAY" terms, or send 5/- for month's treatment, to NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY (Dept. 1B), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London.

DRUGS SUPERSEDED by Pure Thyroid Nutricata. GLANDEX rebuilds nerves, brain & body, surely, safely, permanently. Endorsed by world's great physicians. Booklet, trial free. —Percival Productions, Ltd., 67, St. Albans.

SEND for Valuable Book, "Everyday Ailments," containing over 100 pages, explaining how to cure with Herbal Remedies. Three penny stamps for post.—Hall's Hygiene Co., Ltd., J.B., Salford, Manchester.

A BOOK on Herbs. How to blend make and take them. Sent free.—Write for one to Secretary, 63, Holme Top Street, Bradford.

GOLD MOHUR BALM, Indian Remedy for Colds, Coughs, Piles, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sprains, Bruises, etc.—Sample from Pucka, Fleet, Hants.

IONISED TABLETS.—New Disease Remedies. Special kind for every ailment. Month's supply, 12/6.—Laboratory, 63, Newport Street, Bolton.

STUBBORN SKIN DISEASES.—New, unfailing discovery. "Tyoc" positively cures—and banishes for ever—eczema, bad sores, piles, etc. Scarless healing. Boxes 1/3 & 2/-.—"Tyoc," 234, Green Lanes, London, N.4.

NERVOUSNESS, Blushing.—Remarkable 32-p. book on genuine home cure sent privately, 2d.—H. Rivers (J.B.), 46, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.

EYE TROUBLE, Soreness, Inflammation, Styes, Colds, Weakness, all similar troubles fly before Beck's Ointment. Every box guaranteed. 2/-, p.f.—Becks, 107, St. Eastern Rd., Glasgow.

BAD FEET become good feet, walking a pleasure. Wear my Foot Appliances. Cheap. List free.—Finley, 84, Lr. Thames St., London.

PSORIASIS.—Most stubborn cases yield to the special three-fold treatment devised by Dr. Horn, which attacks the disease in every way. No excuse for further suffering.—Write, enclosing stamp, Dr. Horn, 269, Wimborne Road, Bournemouth.

FITS.—Dread epilepsy banished at last. No case too severe or too old. Prescription and proof free to all sufferers.—Whitby and Co., Winsford, Cheshire.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR-PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them. 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

HOW a 2d. stamp can add many hours of joy to your life. Send it to us for a free sample of "Mend-a-Tear," and learn to mend rips without stitches.—Leicester Rubber Co., Ltd., 29, Granby Mills, Leicester.

BREW own beer. Yarde's 1/6 packet of Malt and Hops brews Two Gallons Ale or Stout, or 2/6 for two packets (with easy directions) to brew Five Gallons. Post free.—Yarde & Co., Dept. J. B., Northampton.

ADOPT THIS HABIT.

When you receive your copy of John Bull each week, always read the Bargains offered in "The Mail Order Market." Any week there may appear just the very thing you have long wanted to find, and it's bound to be a bargain. Take this week's offers on page 4. Two pairs of sheets can be secured from Ashton & Co. for 19/6. Wherever could you buy them at such a figure? If you possess a Gramophone, the announcement of the British Homophone will appeal to you. Why not prepare now for a "record" Christmas? The "Bolton" Perambulator is a real joy-ride for any baby, and it's a pleasure to push. Make the study of these bargain offers a weekly habit. Get the habit NOW.

On sale Thursday, Nov. 15th

A BIG Hit!

THE "Passing Show" Xmas Xtra will make a big hit. The whole issue is one long smile. Well-known writers and artists have filled it with so many good things that it will vanish like icicles in the sun. *Get your copy early.*

Some of the contributors:
Stephen Leacock
P. G. Wodehouse
Ashley Sterne
Heath Robinson
Arthur Ferrier
Gilbert Wilkinson
Leo Cheney

PASSING SHOW
XMAS XTRA

On Sale everywhere. Thursday, Nov. 15th.

6D.

Full of Plums

IT was Christmas Eve—but the mistletoe was already in its appointed place; *she* was in his arms and *he* was in hers and there *it* was hanging over them!

Said he, seriously, "T-t-the house seems very quiet all of a sudden."

To which she replied, "Don't be silly, sweetheart. We've only stopped kissing!"

This is one of the plums from the Xmas Xtra of the *London Mail* which will brighten the bookstalls on Thursday, November 22nd.

The name of at least one of the contributors will be familiar to you, because week by week he occupies valuable space in JOHN BULL. His name is T. W. H. Crosland, and he has written an article entitled "Scotland for Ever" in his own inimitable and peculiar style.

The Editor describes Ashley Sterne's story as "lurid, palpitating with passion, redolent of revenge and full of the lashings of love!"

Of course there is a fairy story—with a catch in it. You would expect the unusual knowing the author to be K. R. G. Browne, one of the best light story writers of the day.

The jokes, says the Editor, have been invented—*not* collected—with an eye to their humour and freshness, and the illustrations by famous artists are, like the presents at a fashionable wedding, numerous and costly.

Whenever you finger a sixpence let it remind you of the *London Mail* Xmas Xtra. The special number is out on Thursday, November 22nd, but it will be snapped up in no time. All the more reason, then, to make sure of your copy *now!*

ONLY 421 LEFT!

1/ down and four weekly subscriptions of **2s. 9d.** each now secures the wonderful **25s.** Edition de Luxe of the JOHN BULL Treasure Book of Knowledge.

A FEW days ago we announced there were only 289 copies left of the regular Guinea Edition. These were snapped up within a few days. Now is your

Last chance to get the 25/- "John Bull" Treasure Book of Knowledge, Edition-de-Luxe.

We now give our readers the very last opportunity of securing the few remaining volumes of the sumptuous Edition de Luxe, bound in luxurious limp leather binding with gilt edges. The wonderful terms on which this work is offered put it within reach of all who wish to possess it, provided that they apply in time. One shilling down and then four weekly subscriptions of 2s. 9d. each secures it, **but you must make haste if you wish to obtain a copy.** The only way to be sure is to **catch the next post.** Orders executed in strict rotation. Fill in the Coupon *NOW*.

Illustration much reduced.

---CUT HERE---

To "John Bull" Treasure Book Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2

SUBSCRIPTION PAYMENTS.—Please send on free approval one copy of the 25s. Edition de Luxe, JOHN BULL Treasure Book of Knowledge. I enclose 1s. to cover cost of packing and delivery. I undertake either to return the Book in new condition within three days or to complete the purchase with four consecutive weekly payments of 2s. 9d. each, the first subscription becoming due one week after receipt of Book. In default of any one subscription, the outstanding balance shall immediately become payable. I am over 21 years of age.

CASH PAYMENTS. Send 11s. 6d. which includes 1s. for packing and delivery.

Money refunded if not satisfied.

NAME .....
(Please write clearly.)

ADDRESS .....

.....

Please state if a householder.....

DATE .....

Cheques and postal orders should be crossed "/& Co./" and made payable to JOHN BULL.

N.B.—The Regular Guinea Edition is now completely exhausted.

J.B. 17.11.23.

John Bull's Great Xmas Gift to YOU!

N.B.—Not more than three Gift Sets will be sent to any one address.

This year "John Bull's" surprise Xmas gift to its readers far surpasses anything ever attempted in the past. It is a gift in which every member of the family may participate. A dazzling box of silver or gold designed by a master craftsman! In each one a famous "John Bull" Pen and a magnificent Gift of a 2/6 Everpointed or Propelling Pencil FREE! And with every box will be presented FREE Two Special Xmas Gift Stamps, equivalent in value to 2/-. Below we give you a choice of three most exquisite gifts—gifts superb!—the presents of the year! A wonderful opportunity to solve the Christmas gift problem!

No. 1

Actual sizes, Pen 6½" long, Pencil 5½" long

For Father.

The Golden Gift Set

Contents:

THE 5/- MASTERPIECE MODEL PEN, fitted with 14-ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped. Beautifully chased and finely tooled. A triumph of British workmanship. The Pen can't leak—the wonderful safety cap sees to that. Here is a pen which will serve him just as well as other pens costing 17/6. Written 2 years' guarantee with every Pen.

A 2/6 "EVERPOINTED" PENCIL, heavily plated, complete with rubber and re-fills, a worthy companion to the Pen, presented

FREE

This superb Gift Set is contained in the dazzling Golden Gift Box; and as a BIG EXTRA XMAS SURPRISE there will be found in the box Two Christmas Gift Stamps, equivalent in value to 2/-.

No. 2

Actual sizes, Pen 5½" long, Pencil 4½" long

For Mother.

The Golden Gift Set

Contents:

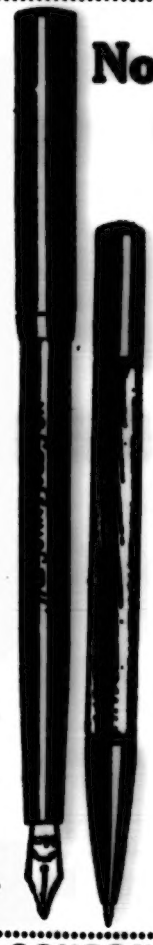
THE 5/- MASTERPIECE MODEL PEN, slightly shorter, so that it can be tucked away conveniently into a handbag. The same solid gold nib, iridium tipped and of velvety smoothness, is fitted to this Pen, and the graceful lines and beauty of design will make an instant appeal to dainty feminine taste. Imagine this Pen in the Golden Box by the side of her plate on Xmas morning! Written 2 years' guarantee with every Pen.

A 2/6 "EVERPOINTED" PENCIL, lady's size, with pendant top, rubber and re-fills, presented

FREE

This Set is contained in the lovely Golden Gift Box picked out in colours of royal blue and scarlet, similar to that in Gift Set No. 1. Two Xmas Surprise Gift Stamps are also included, equivalent in value to 2/-.

No. 3



Actual sizes, Pen 7" long, Pencil 4½" long

For the young man.

The Silver Gift Set

Contents:

THE "JOHN BULL" STANDARD MODEL PEN—the Pen which keeps one factory busy to supply the demand. Over two million in use, performing their duties as well as any half-guinea pen on the market. The 14-ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped, the fine workmanship and finish—all proclaim its worth. Think how much it would mean to a young man to possess his very first fountain pen! Written 2 years' guarantee with every pen.

Special Xmas price ... 2/9

A 1/6 SELF-PROPELLING PENCIL encased in polished crinoid and complete with refills presented

FREE

This set is contained in the superb Silver Gift Box, of similar design to the Golden one. Two Surprise Xmas Gift Stamps, equivalent in value to 2/-, are also included.

The Golden and Silver Gift Boxes

Offers Nos. 1 and 2 are contained in the Golden Gift Box, designed by a master craftsman, the handsomest Box that ever contained a Pen. Picked out in colours of royal blue, scarlet and gold, its sheer beauty is a delight to the eye. No. 3 Gift Set is supplied in the Silver Gift Box, of similar design to the Golden Box.

Needless to say, your money will be immediately refunded if you are not more than delighted.

FILL IN THE COUPON NOW

Presentation Coupon.

"JOHN BULL" PEN DEPT., LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. 2.

Please send me the Christmas Gift Set(s) described below:—
(Cross out those not required.)

No. 1 Golden Gift Set, containing the "John Bull" Masterpiece Model Pen (Men's size) and 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE. I enclose cheque/P.O. for 5/6 (which includes 3d. for postage and insurance).

No. 2 Golden Gift Set, containing the Masterpiece Model Pen (Lady's size) and a 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE. I enclose cheque/P.O. for 5/6 (which includes 3d. for postage and insurance).

No. 3 Silver Gift Set, containing the "John Bull" Standard Model Pen and 1/6 Propelling Pencil FREE. I enclose cheque/P.O. for 3/- (which includes 3d. for postage and insurance).

Postage on two Sets, 6d.; on three sets 9d. Postage and registration abroad 6d. each set. Pocket Clips 3d. each extra

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

DATE .....
J.B.17.11.23. Cross cheque/P.O. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull."

Transparencies by Pears

Makers of Fine Toilet Soaps
Since 1789

No. 1.

It is the heart of things that matters. You can see into the heart of a cake of Pears' Soap because it is transparent. Pears' hides no secrets; there are none about it except the one secret of the process by which it is made as pure as it looks & as invigorating as it feels.

Buy Pears — generations have proved it to be matchless for the complexion

Unscented 4½d. & 7d.
Scented from 1s. per Tablet

P.S-109

Vol. XXXIV. No. 911.
Week ending Saturday,
Nov. 17, 1923. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

Telephone: Gerrard 6666
Telegrams: Heroically, London

For the People——
the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

The Final Test.

Parliament has reassembled and M.P.s are faced with an indignant country. When the election comes, no politician who has failed to move vigorously for peace, houses and work can hope to retain his seat. The electors will have no more talk without action.

Still Growing.

The number of unemployed on the "live" registers is now 1,256,000—6,000 more than last week. How many more who are not registered, but who are nevertheless starving? This is the real issue on which the Government must be fought. Protection is merely their "red herring."

A Practical Suggestion.

The Premier might do much worse than adopt the suggestion made in our columns this week by Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey. Instead of a General Election, with all its inconveniences, a referendum would decide if the people really want Tariff Reform.

The Plot Moves.

At Mr. Baldwin's hint of an early election straightway Mr. Lloyd George hastens home from America. Remember what we said—and watch Lloyd George. The Rothermere plot moves.

Damned with Faint Press.

In the whole country there is not a single responsible journal that approves of the Government's intention of going to the country on the Protection issue. Mr. Baldwin should listen to the advice of his candid friends of the Press!

An Awkward Fix.

Mr. Baldwin has wisely omitted wheat and meat from his Protection proposals. The farmers clamour that this is a "great betrayal." Awkward—that they should remind the country of what Protection really implies!

And an Awkward Question.

He should now answer the straight question of Earl Beauchamp as to whether this omission includes *all* foodstuffs. So far he has not done so.

Lord Birkenhead Again

That F. E. is on the warpath again is the construction that may be put on his much-discussed Glasgow speech. The Premier realises that he is a man who must be reckoned with.

A Poor Policy.

If the Labour Party persist in opposing Protection by a Capital Levy, they will make a great tactical error. On unemployment they have a live and legitimate case, and should be careful not to waste their strength in empty fallacies.

The Modern Neros.

M. Poincaré splits hairs while Germany sinks into civil war. If Germany founders, Europe goes down with her. We should have thought even M. Poincaré could have read the writing on the wall.

Lest We Forget.

Now that the settlement of the reparations problem is in the air again, it is to be hoped that the Government will remember that trifle of £601,000,000 owing to us by France. The taxpayer has not forgotten it if they have.

A Well-deserved Lecture.

The French Ambassador to America has failed to shake the American resolve for a free and full inquiry on reparations or none at all, and he had to listen to a lecture on French behaviour that would do his Government good—if they really appreciated the sting in it.

Splendid Isolation.

Now that Belgium has agreed to the American view of a full and free inquiry on reparations, French policy has reached its logical end. M. Poincaré stands an isolated figure, blocking the way to Europe's recovery. It is an impossible position. World opinion will quickly force him to give way.

A Standing Menace.

Nothing more injurious to British interests and British security has ever been designed than the Versailles Treaty. Until this is recast, Britain's moral position in the world will be insignificant. It is now clear that to sign such a diplomatic document was a huge political blunder.

A Grave Charge.

That flogging and shooting of natives in British East Africa has been developed into a system is the indictment levelled by the African Progress Union. This is a charge that must be met—and at once.

So We Should Think!

The British Government has initiated discussion on the best way to prevent "Little Willie" returning to Germany. Why not St. Helena—as they should have done at the very start?

Sliding to Decay.

Lack of a strong housing policy is bringing serious results, for there is an alarming drop in the birth-rate. Shortage of houses means shortage of babies, for people are unwilling to marry. The decline of the nation is a heavy responsibility for the Government to shoulder.

The Verge of Disaster.

No progress is made towards co-ordinating the work of departments, and settling the differences of local authorities which are holding up road works all over the country. Only the Premier can force the pace, and it is his bounden duty to set the machinery working without delay.

Well Spoken!

Lord Hugh Cecil advocates the guaranteeing of a "subsistence wage" to every workman as the first step towards solving unemployment. The removal of the starvation bogey from the worker is a thing we have ourselves often urged.

Taking Notice.

Following the publication of his article in John Bull, Admiral Mark Kerr has been challenged by Viscount Curzon to a debate on Empire Defence. Yes—Downing Street keeps a very sharp eye on John Bull!

Long Overdue.

The London Chamber of Commerce wants to restore penny postage throughout the Empire. Quite right; the first essential to prosperous trade is cheap and easy communication.

The End in Sight.

After twenty-eight weeks of idleness, the disputants in the boilermakers' lock-out have at last agreed to a conference. How much better if the conference had taken place twenty-eight weeks ago! And nothing stopped it but obstinacy.

Picking and Choosing.

In spite of their quotas being full, 4,000 emigrants on the *Leviathan*—which beat the British *Majestic* to port—are to be allowed to land. When it affects American liners the immigration laws can be quite elastic!

Mussolini Follows Suit.

Because others are arming in the air, Italy has ordered a threefold increase in her aeroplanes. So the new armament race proceeds apace, and the new war broth brews merrily. It is a devil's game and must be stopped.

Work for the White Elephant.

It is time a legal limit was set to the amount of preservative and colouring-matter that may be used in food. Our recent revelations show that grave injury to the nation's health is bound to result if it goes on unchecked. What says the Ministry of Health?

A Disgraceful Trade.

Who is responsible for the traffic in unfit and worn out horses which are sold to ex-Servicemen? Such brutes should be traced down and severely punished for their cruelty towards both the beasts and their purchasers.

A Disgraceful Revelation.

Official figures reveal that only 57 per cent. of the men employed on British trading ships are British. Apart from the fact that thousands of British seaman are unemployed, "British sailors for British ships" should be the rule. 44,241 lascars is just that number too many.

Sell Out!

Various interests are negotiating with the Government for the purchase of its shares in the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. If the Government is wise it will sell; nothing has caused us to be regarded with so much suspicion as this entangling alliance. It is a compromising deal that we should be well without.

Another Monopoly.

Following the newspaper Trust comes the Cement monopoly. The country is about to need cement and yet more cement for new roads—and it is now all in the hands of one man who can hold the nation to ransom. It may be clever business, but it is a scandal that it should be possible in these times of stress.

A Medico's Mistake.

After being absent from work for a fortnight through bronchitis and heart trouble, Edward Page, a Tottenham milk-roundsman, was certified by his panel doctor as fit to return to duty. On the way home from the surgery he dropped dead in the street. Glaring mistakes by medicos are getting far too prevalent to be pleasant nowadays.

Milk-o—Right-o!

Our recent articles on food are causing quite a controversy, but there are one or two bright spots in what appeared to be rather a gloomy outlook. Messrs. Nestlé, for instance, tell us that no preservatives of any kind are used in condensed milk—either their own or their competitors'. That's something we're glad to know.

Wicked Waste and Woeful Want.

Bread at Teignmouth is 8½d. a quartern loaf, dear enough in all conscience. A week ago a local baker dumped 47 half-quartern loaves on the refuse tip, and a lad sent with them was put to some trouble to make them burn. What a wicked bonfire, and what a pity the baker was not sat on top of it! Are there no hungry little ones in Teignmouth?

While Home Burns.

Nero fiddled while Rome was burning, and in this country to-day legislators quibble and argue while the towns decay. During the past four months 37,000 Scotsmen have emigrated from the Clyde, exactly the number estimated as necessary for the development of water power schemes in the Highlands. But the Water Power Resource Committee has been contented with estimating, and so the depletion of our strongest stock goes on.

Bizarre Bazaars.

A Sunderland man was summoned for running a sweepstake for a pony in aid of his mother-in-law, who was a widow and in very poor circumstances. His solicitor stated that the police had not interfered with the raffles at a big political bazaar in Sunderland, and on hearing this the case was dismissed by the Court. Quite right too, but what absurd waste of time and money by the authorities.

Who Wants a Job?

"Man and wife wanted for gate lodge near Edinburgh, but to pay rent; man to give occasional assistance in garden at daily wage; pensioner preferred; wife attend to gate; no children." We wonder what would happen if the man was away working to earn the rent just when he was wanted for occasional work in the garden! It is not surprising that the advertiser hides his name. He should hide his head in shame.

A Paradise for Ex-Policemen.

At a meeting of the Southwark Guardians it was stated that there were four men in their employ drawing weekly pensions of £3 15s., £3 10s., £1 7s. 5d., and £1 2s. 8d. respectively. One man's pay and pension amounted to £7 10s. and another's to £7 1s. Three of these are ex-policemen. This is the sort of thing that makes the unpensioned and unemployed ex-Service men feel so cheerful.

Clear the Way!

Like the "Galloping Major," famed in song, Captain Arthur Lewis Jennings wants the way clear when *he* is coming. Recently, a little girl wheeled a perambulator in front of the gallant captain in a Weymouth street, and the fiery gentleman showed his disapproval by poking his umbrella through the hood of the perambulator. Then the Weymouth Bench showed their disapproval by fining him 10s. in addition to £2 3s. 6d. costs. Serves the martinet right.

Board of (Queer) Customs.

It is to be hoped that those members of the Board of Customs and Excise responsible for the treatment of aged servants felt a spasm of indigestion over their walnuts and wine when Alfred Harrie, twenty-five years their messenger, flung himself from a window of their offices rather than face retirement without pension. It is all very well to bring in a smug verdict of suicide while of unsound mind—what is wanted is unsound sleep for the comfortable until these anomalies are amended.

Rumours, and More Rumours.

Mr. Charles Clarkson is yet another victim of Dame Rumour, who in this case set all Witney agog. The man's dead wife had to be dug out of her grave to satisfy the unfounded suspicions raised by the gossips, and because six or seven doctors who had attended the case could not decide what the cause of death was. A post-mortem settled the matter. Rumour-mongers should have Witney blankets muzzled over their mouths.

"I Will Repay!"

Blatherskites and Whining Willies should sit up and take notice of Weymouth. An ex-Tommy of the town had to get help from the Guardians. His luck turned, and now that he is in a job he has sent £1 to the Guardians, and promised to follow it with others until he has repaid the ratepayers what he had from them. He is a JOHN BULL man who pays his way. Look for him at the top of the tree, for he'll get there with the right spirit behind him!

Leave Them Their Trousers!

Why should members of the Corps of Commissionaires be compelled to hand back their partly worn uniforms, seeing that they have to purchase them out of their own pockets? In many cases their pay is so small that it is often a struggle for them to provide themselves with "civvy" suits. They might at least be allowed to retain their trousers to keep their legs warm after working hours. Besides, they could save money by cutting them down for the little 'uns.

Heroes of the Sea.

When the crew of the Swedish sailing-vessel *Majken* sprang a leak in violent weather in the North Sea, the crew of the Scottish trawler *Strathmoray*, at fearful risk, took her personnel aboard their own ship. Then, in order to mitigate the distress resulting from their exposure, these generous lads at considerable loss to themselves gave up their fishing cruise to hurry the sufferers to Aberdeen. This week the Swedish Government presented them with silver cups as tributes to their courage and kindliness. Well they deserve the honour!

Home, Sweet Home.

What a world of tragedy and sadness our shortage of houses is causing the people. Through being forced to live upstairs in a condemned house, the lower part of which was flooded to a depth of twelve inches, Mr. and Mrs. Byers of Plank Lane, Leigh, Lancashire, have lost four of their little ones from pneumonia, while the mother and youngest child are now very ill. Fires were impossible through the damp, and the furniture was ruined, yet these unfortunates could find no other accommodation. The building rings have much to answer for.

The Battle of Southwark.

Arnold Goodwin, of Southwark, is a landlord who believes in the spectacular. Wishing to regain possession of some business premises, he recruited an army with crowbars and pick-axes, and taking with him camera men to record the battle, proceeded to the scene of action, where to the dismay of his tenant he effected an entry by assault and battery. For this little flutter he must pay compensation to the tune of £25 and costs, pondering while doing it on unimaginative Judges who lack sympathy with such splendid Viking tactics.

Bargains in Babies.

That in China unwanted infants are conveniently "disposed of" is known to every traveller, but that Ireland has a similar method will be news to many. In Dublin a Local Government inquiry has led to the discovery of quite a trade being done in unwanted infants, the unfortunates being first placed out by unmarried mothers who pay well for their accommodation. Where infants are very well supported they are often sub-let, one establishment being known as the "coffin-house," so numerous are the deaths. Another result of the terribly unfair penalties attaching to illegitimacy.

Father to Blame.

When William Jones, a youth of several aliases, appeared at London Sessions charged with loitering to commit a felony, it was stated he was one of a large family all of whom have been convicted and all of whom are encouraged by their father to steal. While William goes to Borstal, does the father go free? It is the duty of the law to deal with this man, and smartly.

An Early Starter.

Only 14, Henry Joynes of Lincoln entered for the matrimonial stakes, and toddled to the altar with a bride of 23. Ten babes resulted from young Henry's enterprise. Later he met another lady, "married" her, and added another three to his full quiver. He is 48 now, and will be a year older when the jail gates open. Thirteen children seems to have been an unlucky number for Joynes.

A Bull's-eye!

Frank Bolton, a farmer of Glastonbury, did not bolt fast enough from his own bull, which evidently recognised him for the rotter he is and seriously gored him. Notwithstanding his injuries Bolton has been fined £50 with £21 costs for sending to London markets meat that was "wet, emaciated, dropsical and tubercular"—a stiff sentence, but not a whit too much for what amounts to broadcasting disease among the people.

A Tubercular Offender.

The Home Secretary must keep his eye on the case of Griffith Williams (17), of Llandrillo-ya-Rhos. Dr. T. Roberts, the County Medical Officer, has testified that the lad is tubercular, and that his health and environment accounts for his conduct. Yet the magistrates at the Denbighshire quarter sessions sent Williams to jail for twelve months, with a recommendation for special treatment in a sanatorium. He ought to have been sent there direct.

The Kiddies' Friend.

That all kid-chasers are not the same kid-chaser is proved by Mr. F. Handley, school attendance officer to the District Council of Bilston. Mr. Handley not only looks up delinquents but looks at them, and if the youngsters are short of sound boots and clothing he supplies them. Through the aid of others whom he has been able to interest, hundreds of warm garments are made to fit needy backs. A hand-up of Handley's, to put it briefly.

Out of the Past.

A thirty-one years' fight with an accusing conscience drove Robert Miller into an Aberystwyth police station, where he told the police that in 1892, when attempting to rob Farington Mill, near Preston, he shot at a watchman and fled, not knowing whether the brand of Cain was on his brow. The watchman lived twenty years after the shot was fired, and Miller is now the owner of a clear science. He has at last proved himself a man and is free in mind and body.

Ju-Jitsu in the Home.

Arthur Wade, of Tottenham, is a father who should have lived in early Roman days. When his daughter Ivy, aged twenty-two, wished to work at a table which he also decided to use, he twisted her arm until bones were broken. The magistrates said they had seriously considered sending him to prison, but in hopes of better behaviour contented themselves with ordering a paltry five pounds compensation. In our opinion Tottenham Bench had better think again.

Brutal Brothers.

When Charles and Samuel Gummer were charged at Newport with cruelty to a horse, it was stated that the animal was so emaciated and weak that it was nearly sitting down in the shafts. The fines of 40s. and 10s. respectively imposed on these brutal brothers seem totally inadequate, especially as a week after being warned, Charles was found working the poor creature hauling heavy timber in a wood. There is something to be said for immediate arrest instead of proceeding by summons in cases like this.

Drug Ships.

Cocaine smugglers are very busy, and it is through northern ports that much of the poisonous stuff is brought into the country. The smugglers are mostly seamen, some of them Germans, who devise very cunning hiding places on ships on which they are employed, and make huge profits when they get the drug ashore. Unless the police lay their hands on the buyers the business will go on.

Humpty-Dumpty Williams.

David Williams of Doncaster, the self-styled "Cancer Cure King," who was better described by the coroner as "a quack who has been swindling people right and left," has had a great fall since our recent revelation of his misdeeds. Last week he was ordered to pay £30 damages and £11 for return of fees and costs for causing pain to a woman whom he blistered with his preparation of copper and lead. So far so good, but it would be better for humanity if he were lodged in jail.

Good Egg!

In a recent issue we warned our readers against the "Anglo-Belgian Gazette," a football betting concern run by Mr. William Barnes, and mentioned the case of a widow who had written to us because she had not received money due to her. Some people count their chickens before they are hatched. The widow Pogson did the opposite by not giving the hen time to do its duty. When she got the money she forgot to tell us.

The Dress Slashers.

On reaching home one night a poor Portsmouth girl was heartbroken to find the only decent coat she possesses had been slashed four times with a razor or sharp scissors. No mercy should be shown to these maniacs who go about spoiling the clothes of rich and poor girls alike. A few deft slashes and clothes on which some girls have sunk the savings of months are irrevocably ruined. We hope the magistrates will make a stern example of the first of these idiots caught.

Mayors and Nests.

Failing to snaffle a matrimonial partner by their own efforts, men and women are writing to the mayors of other towns asking their aid. The Mayor of Hull, for instance, has responded to the soulful cry of a Scarborough widow and has forwarded a batch of letters from men "with intentions." But what happens to mayors' nests if husbands find they have been stung? Mantrapping is best left alone by mayors!

Shylock in Petticoats.

When Margaret Purcell was charged at Liverpool with being an unregistered moneylender, it was stated that she made loans to working men's wives at 430 per cent. interest, and refused to return securities. One poor woman who had had £5 4s. from her in twelve months, on which she had paid interest each week, now found herself owing £7 11s. The Bench fined this she-Shylock £5. It is a pity they did not compel her to disgorge the proceeds of her disgraceful usury.

Fooled First, then Fined.

When Samuel Sorley, of Helensburgh, sold his pension in order to try his luck as a harvester in Canada, he had visions of prosperity and happiness. In the West, however, he got little work, and finding himself stranded, his anxiety for the welfare of his wife and four children at home prompted him to become a stowaway on the *Metagama*. His discovery led to a fine of £10 with the option of twenty days' imprisonment. The idiots who sent him on such a wild goose chase ought to be made to recompense him.

Dishonest as Ever.

Dr. Meyer and Co., Ltd., of 26, Filzengraben, Cologne, circulated a catalogue in August last, offering samples of 32 articles for 25s. A reader who sent this sum received postcards apologising for delay, but no samples. Though his cheque was negotiated long since, he has been unable to obtain a reply to his letters, but last week he was astonished to receive an elaborate Christmas catalogue together with a circular stating that they have large quantities of all goods in stock and repeating the sample offer which they have failed to carry out!

Marks for Mugs.

Under the heading, "A Fortune for the Speculator," Nathan Gordon, of 92, Market Street, Manchester, announces an offer of a hundred million German marks for 2s. 6d. What is most amazing is that readers should solemnly ask us whether we consider this a good investment! Don't they know that marks are quoted at many *millions of millions* to the pound, and that huge quantities of these notes are being given away nightly as a music hall advertisement?

A Short Way with Howard.

L. Howard, of Glasshouse Street, Regent Street, London, W., is a moneylender who is not content with sending out circulars to people who don't want them, but follows them up with letters almost imploring them to do business with him. A woman reader asks if there is no means of putting a stop to his pestering. Perhaps if his circulars were returned to him in an unstamped envelope he would realise that his attentions are not desired.

Belfast by Air.

There is no city prouder of its reputation for enterprise than Belfast. That is why it is very disappointed that the Post Office is so slow to give its official support to the Belfast-Manchester-Plymouth air mail service. Enterprising experiments have shown that the service is both feasible and advantageous. Could not the Postmaster-General look into this project again?

Problems of Life.

YOUTH AND AGE.

By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

BOSWELL in his life of Samuel Johnson quotes from a small commonplace book formerly kept by the great master for recording some of his thoughts and observations.

One sentence thus preserved, and described by the biographer as a most beautiful image, was never made use of in any of Johnson's published writings.

Referring to the young man's view of life the sage says: "The world lies all enamelled before him as a distant prospect sun-gilt."

But on the same page the statement is subjoined that everyone is "convinced by time of the selfishness, the meanness, the cowardice, the treachery of men," and of his own comparative impotence.

Is this a just verdict? Is the contrast between youth and age what is here represented by one of the wisest and most eminent of Englishmen?

On the whole, yes, but it is not unhopeful.

Youth is the period of glorious heroisms, when men expects to accomplish great things speedily and thoroughly.

Age is too apt to smile at these and too ready to try to convince the young that they are deceits.

Happily youth seldom listens when age takes to croaking; in fact, it seldom listens at all.

There is a proverb, "If youth only would: if age only could"; but it relates principally to the errors and follies of which we are all guilty.

In warning a boy of pitfalls in his path, it is wrong to attempt to restrain his ardour in the pursuit of his ideals.

What matter if these be unattainable?—he is the better for believing in them.

It is fine to unite the spirit of youth to the experience of age.

"Life is full of anxieties," said Mr. Bonar Law. "Yes, but very interesting," replied Mr. Lloyd George.

Wed the two sentiments and you have a maxim of truth and cheer for young and old.

Throwing Bouquets.

E. Shipley and Son, Music Publishers, Goldthorpe, Yorks, write to say that our excellent command and use of English and our admirable discretion in diction afforded them much pleasure, and they ask if they may compliment us on the same. We admit that they are entitled to. The article in question was advice to our readers not to send half-crowns as preliminary fees for a job which most of the applicants could not get, advice which we repeat in spite of unsolicited compliments.

What's in a Name?

"Don't Deal With Moneylenders!" exclaims V. Malgarin, of 4, Highcliffe Villas, Herne Bay, in an advertisement in which he describes himself as a private gentleman who makes cash advances by post. A reader who wrote inquiring his t rms for a loan, however, received the usual moneylender's reply including "Please fill in the form sent, and return to me with £5 5s. time and expenses." Mr. Malgarin may call himself whatever he pleases, but we must call him Shylock.

Expensive Debt Collecting.

Hardy, Roberts & Co., of "The United Kingdom Colonial and Foreign General Accountancy Offices," Royal Courts Chambers, Chancery Lane, W.C., do not appear to be any more successful in collecting debts than they were when last we referred to them, though their charges remain as outrageously high as ever. In one instance recently brought to our notice they recovered £3 17s. 7d. for a creditor, and their charges amounted to £4 3s. We should like to see them sue for the balance of 5s. 5d. which they claim is due to them.

Looking for Money.

Applicants for employment advertised in connection with something called "Kynox," received replies from one Walter R. Carley, of Hollingrove, Brightling, Sussex, who appears chiefly concerned to ascertain how much money they can deposit in £1 shares. "In the remote event of your resignation, the amount deposited would become due plus 10 per cent. interest," remarks this gentleman who conducts his business from a secluded village of six hundred inhabitants. "Would become due" is good.

Another Spanish Prisoner.

That old rogue, Jacinto Gandia, who has been working the "Spanish prisoner" swindle all his life, seems to have found a companion in misfortune in his declining years. Appeals for his release from prison are now being circulated by one Luis Casas, of Lista Carreos, Arriondas, Asturias, who offers his benefactor a third of a sum of 800,000 francs in bank-notes concealed in a secret pocket of his portmanteau, which he says is in the cloak-room of a railway station. We suppose he will find fools to believe him, but they will be pretty hopeless fools.

Fancy Goods.

A rascal calling himself Henry Webster and giving an address in Victoria Road, Handsworth, Birmingham, has lately been unpleasantly active in Kent. His dismal method of swindling is to persuade unemployed ex-Service men to join him in partnership in a fancy goods business. As soon as he has pocketed their share of the capital he decamps, and letters addressed to him are returned marked "Not known." Two men at Gillingham and Rochester have been robbed of £10 each in this way. Clearly a case for the police.

A Friend in France.

We have discovered in France a friend of the workless Briton. Advertising "Write for full particulars how to earn £1 to £2 a day," he sends applicants a printed letter saying, "You can get immediately a well-paid and inespered situation. My method is sent in closed package after you sent to my offices an international post order of half-pound (½£). Please adress the post order to M. R. Grezillier, 50, Avenue d'Italie, Paris (XIIIe Arrondt.), France." He must be very 'inespered" himself to think he will make many friends in this fashion.

Ye Banks and Brays

IT is not every day that a humdrum workaday newspaper office is honoured by a visit from a Patriarch. We have to acknowledge that such an honour, quite unsolicited, has been tendered to us.

The Rt. Rev. James Bartholomew Banks, D.D., stepped forth from his church in Maiden Lane—formerly a rehearsal theatre devoted to light comedy—to discuss with us the article we wrote about him when we asked him what right he had to call himself an archbishop, a primate, and above all "His Excellency the Patriarch of Windsor," and why, if he will insist on patriarching, he does not confine it to Maiden Lane, and let alone the town which the rest of the world will continue to prefer to associate with the highest rank in the land.

Jimmy, to call him by the name we give him for short, is a young man with an ingratiating smile. He does not mind a little natural chaff at his rapid promotion from farmer's boy in Lincolnshire to the dazzling dignity of apostolic succession.

He does not mind being compared to Solomon in all his glory, even to the disadvantage of Solomon. But he does resent our suggestion that he is going to be crowned with a real golden crown, and that there is anything about the validity of his status that is open to question.

He has told us what we already knew—who consecrated him. In return for that we will make him a present of the golden crown he is not going to add to the golden tassel and jewelled cross he wears at a full-dress performance in his former rehearsal theatre.

He was consecrated by a man called Frederick Willoughby, M.A., described as a Bishop of the Old Catholic Church. Many of our readers may remember what we have said about a certain Bishop Willoughby, of the Old Catholic Church, how he was formerly a clergyman of the Anglican Church, and how he lost his status.

The complaints made against him were that he took money subscribed for church purposes and put it into his pocket, and further that his relations with choir boys and acolytes were such as raised the gravest suspicion as to his moral character. The authorities took the matter up, and Willoughby resigned, executing a deed by which he reverted to the status of a layman.

He became a schoolmaster, and then took to religion again, joining the Old Roman Catholic Church and becoming a bishop in it. It was he who consecrated the man Leadbeater, who has been frequently exposed in these columns, and of whom a judge of a High Court in India said he was unfit to have the teaching of boys after he had admitted in cross-examination that he taught them what normal men regard as a filthy and disgusting practice.

This is the man who consecrated Jimmy Banks!

The Man Behind the Dope Traffic

NOT only do we disclose here the inner workings of the pernicious traffic in drugs, but we point out to the police how best they could lay by the heels some of the traffickers. We are determined that the vultures of Chinatown shall not escape.

NO greater service could be rendered to this country than to rid it of the alien parasites who have imported here the demoralising influences and hidden vices of the purlieus of Oriental cities. The dope traffickers are the typical example of this festering menace.

We have done our best to clear the land of evil in this respect. Last year we exposed in a series of outspoken articles the infamies of Chinatown, and the havoc its undesirable alien inhabitants were creating amongst foolish and weak-willed British people, blasting hopes, ruining careers and wrecking homes.

It will be remembered that Scotland Yard acted immediately after our revelations. It detailed a special corps of skilled detectives to comb out Chinatown, and, as a consequence, it rounded up hundreds of yellow-skinned, slant-eyed rascals who were preying upon the foolish and depraved men and women here.

For a time the traffic was stopped. But the serpent was only scotched, not killed. Reluctantly the conspirators, after wild endeavours to silence this journal by threatening to assassinate its Editor, slunk into obscurity.

They have come out again. The serpent has raised its head once more. A few weeks ago we warned Scotland Yard of this fact. Again we are glad to say Scotland Yard has acted vigorously, and has launched a new offensive against the dope traffickers and the vice purveyors.

The public will be glad to learn of the steps which have now been taken for their protection. Their confidence will be increased if the police are able to avoid the sham dens "framed" up to delude them, and can get on the track of the real ringleaders of this whole poisonous traffic and not merely the small fry.

The man they have to look for is a white man. They may run across him occasionally in Chinatown posing as a Chinaman, because he knows that the police are looking for a European arch-conspirator. He is a wary rascal with two identities, one the simple-minded Chinese merchant, the other a genial, hospitable, British country gentleman.

But we can inform the police that it is already known in Chinatown that disguised detectives are surveying the land there. The cunning Oriental in these circumstances has taken the obvious step. He has transferred for the present the pivot of his machinery from Limehouse to Liverpool. The link between Pennyfields and Pitt Street has always been intimate.

One branch of the investigation by the new special corps ought certainly to be to inquire into the activities of the less reputable foreign shipping firms. The first thing the people who are importing cocaine and opium in large quantities must do when they know the London Docks are dangerous to them, is to arrange for the transhipment of the dope to other suitable places. Cardiff, next to Liverpool, is most likely to be chosen.

There must be co-operation, not only between Scotland Yard and the police of the cities we have mentioned, but also closer working between Scotland Yard and the Post Office authorities. The people who peddle dope to the drug addicts who loaf around the low public-houses in Chinatown, and the people who hang about the side streets off Piccadilly Circus, carry on a pestilential trade, but only a small one to that which is being done with greater safety to themselves through the post.

Not long ago there was a Greek living with an English girl in Soho. He was engaged in the dope traffic. He used to receive the stuff by post from Geneva and the girl was employed in making it up in small packets which were sent out by post to a list of agents in his employment throughout the country.

When a registered letter comes from the Continent to England, a hand to hand check is kept upon it at every stage in its journey. And it ought to be easy for the private detective department of the General Post Office to find out where these consignments now go, as this man has left his Soho haunt.

And while disguised detectives are moving about in Chinatown, others should be moving about simultaneously in the lower type of night clubs in the West End. The people who meet there, crooks, criminals, swindlers, and social parasites, frequently have forbidden drugs in their possession. If they were searched when such places were raided the police would undoubtedly discover clues of the utmost value.

There ought to be no difficulty in getting a search warrant on the ground that the people whom it is proposed to round up are suspected to be engaged in other occupations than merely drinking after hours.

Valuable service could be given also by women detectives in this matter. Some of the most persistent peddlers of dope are women who for this purpose have taken positions as mannequins in fashionable dressmakers' salons in the West End.

They are highly paid because the customers who specially ask for them never leave so long as they can get the dope, and the customer who cannot leave is naturally a source of extra profit to the employing dressmakers.

A woman detective making a round of these places would almost certainly come upon clues that would lead straight to the English arch-conspirator who is one of the heads of the whole vile gang.

A Paradise for Aliens

CANNOT the authorities do something to check the increasing influx of undesirable aliens who are finding their way into this country in increasing numbers?

The other day a German ship captain named Ernst Martens was fined fifty pounds at Thames Police Court for allowing two German stowaways to land here. He said that he did not know they were on board, but the magistrate disbelieved him. The fact is that there is a regular traffic in undesirable aliens carried on by German ship captains, and the immigration authorities ought to be strengthened to cope with this growing menace.

Hamburg has a reputation for another form of rascality. A gang of sharks there get hold of simple-minded farmers in the country, persuade them to sell up their farms and stock, and undertake to ship them direct to America. The victims are told that it must all be done very secretly and with the greatest caution. They are taken aboard cargo ships and hidden in the hold until the ship sails. Then they discover that the ship is not bound for America, but for England, and that they have been robbed of their money as well as of a transatlantic future. The aliens are smuggled ashore here and informed that if they say anything about it they will be arrested for breaking British laws and given a long term of imprisonment. They are taken to the East End and made to work at starvation wages in workshops run by aliens and, in some cases, by naturalised foreigners.

These people are perhaps not a serious menace to the country, except that they tend to encourage sweating and keeping down wages. But there is a much more dangerous class which is finding practically no difficulty in invading our ports.

Our Special Commissioner, recently investigating this matter in Paris, came across a little colony of Armenians who were working there as hairdressers and waiters. They meet regularly in a café in the Rue Magenta to discuss the latest artifices and dodges for wangling their way into England.

One of them, a person named Ardaches Sandjoukelyian, misunderstanding the functions and intentions of our Commissioner, actually invited him to conspire to get him into London. He asked him to write a letter from London suggesting that he should take a three months' course of study at a London college. Armed with this document he would make a student's application for a temporary stay in England. Once he got here he intended to work under a different name, and take his chances of trouble with the police.

If the police authorities co-operate more closely with immigration departments it ought to be possible to make an example of these rascals.

The Ship of Sin

IF the story we relate here does not bring about the inquiry we have long demanded, the futu e of our children looms ahead, hard and hopeless. The authorities must act at once.

IN pursuance of our guiding principle, the right of the people to Truth and Justice, we have fought a long and persistent battle for the same thing for the children of the people also.

It has been a chequered struggle, with many disappointments and few encouragements. The encouragements have come, not from the official classes, whose duty it is to carry out the parental obligations of the State to the children in its charge, but from magistrates and others who have fought by our side for more humane and more helpful treatment of juvenile offenders.

It has been our unpleasant duty to bring charges against officials in reformatory and similar schools of brutality, immorality and crime.

Our charges have fallen to a large extent on deaf ears. We have repeatedly asked for drastic reforms in the handling of young delinquents, asked for wise and practical regulations that will safeguard them, and give them what the State owes the chance to become good citizens.

We have asked in vain. The authorities have made no adequate or effective reply to the pitiful plaints of children who have broken down in health, who have been tortured into sullen obstinacy, and then locked up more rigidly as mental defectives; of boys and girls driven into crime or insanity and pursued in after-life with the stupidity indistinguishable from malignity.

But the officials continue to dope the public with elaborate reports breathing paternal care and brotherly regard, full of lofty sentiments, crammed with wise and generous sayings as to how delinquent children should be tenderly and solicitously brought back to the fold of good citizenship.

Words, words, words. We want real reform, not honeyed paragraphs in soporific Blue-books.

Now we feel it a public duty to draw attention to a case so grave, so shocking, so disquieting, that it gives a dreadful support to our persistent demand for an inquiry into the whole system of reformatory and similar institutions.

We expected some such case to come along and throw its lurid light on the dark places we have done our best to illumine. It was described as "gravely scandalous" by the Judge who tried it.

In the last official report we are soothingly told that the right method is to consider, not the punishment, but the treatment of young offenders, so that they may develop character and become good citizens. It is implied that present methods achieve this, and we are told of the Victoria Crosses, and the medals, and the orders, etc., won in the war by old reformatory boys.

We are told, too, how on reformatory ships like the *Cornwall*, which lies off Purfleet, in the Thames, the principal teacher takes the most backward boys himself as his greatest responsibility. We are reminded that in many schools boys are allowed to have short holidays at home, but are carefully inspected, on their return, against a risk of infection by dirt and disease.

We are informed further that the staff employed to-day is better than it has ever been before, that this staff is urged to teach the children entrusted to its care to reverence what is noble and to strive their utmost after purity and also urged to implant in them the germ of a wider sense of honour.

After we have read these soothing and gracious words, these lofty and typically official claims, we come to the dreadful facts we have to relate.

Last week Charles Barfoot, a schoolmaster on His Majesty's Training Ship *Cornwall*, was put on trial for a series of grave offences on that reformatory vessel. The charges were so horrible that Mr. Justice Rowlatt directed that woman jurors should not serve and that all women should leave the Court.

The evidence was that the boys were taken, against the rules, at intervals over a long period, into the cabin of this wretched man. They were also, against the rules, supplied by him with cigarettes. They stated that in these circumstances this Headmaster of the *Cornwall* behaved improperly with them.

That is to say, this man, whose duty it was to teach the boys under his charge truth and purity, deliberately attempted to soil them and teach them acts of appalling shame and indescribable vice.

It makes one's blood boil to think of such a gross and wicked and unpardonable betrayal. The Judge, in sentencing Barfoot to five years' penal servitude, remarked that such an offence in any event would be a dreadful one, but in this case it was aggravated.

"These unfortunate boys," he said, "were sent to this ship as a place of reformation, and they came under the prisoner's care. Instead of a place of reformation they found themselves in a sink of corruption."

Does not this grave scandal demand what we have so long urged, a full inquiry into the whole reformatory system? Could there be a graver indictment?

If the authorities will not listen to us voicing the cry of the children, will they at least heed to the voice of one of His Majesty's Judges, describing one of His Majesty's ships, not as a Temple of "Purity and Truth," but as a "Sink of Corruption and Depravity"?

A Colonel's Promotions

ON several occasions we have printed warnings against the company-promoting activities of E. O. Eaton, who is one of the most notorious "dud" promoters ever known to the City.

One of his typical promotions was that of Bridge Paper Mills, Ltd., a concern supposed to be established in North Staffordshire. Eaton has, for a long time, succeeded in keeping his companies more or less alive by hook or by crook. In this instance he has failed, and the affairs of Bridge Paper Mills, Ltd., have come into the hands of the Official Receiver.

At a meeting of creditors and shareholders, the Official Receiver reported upon the promotion and position of this company. The name of "Colonel" Eaton did not appear on the prospectus, which was produced in the autumn of 1920, but he masqueraded behind the scenes under the title of the British and Colonial Property Investment Trust.

The Trust had entered into an agreement to purchase the Bridge Paper Mills for £2,200 and subsequently granted to the company an option on the lease for thirty-five years at a rent of £500 increasing to £1000 per annum.

The purchase consideration payable to the Trust by Bridge Paper Mills, Ltd., was 20,000 fully-paid Ordinary shilling shares, and an option to subscribe at par for a further 20,000 Ordinary, the nominal capital being £25,000.

In October, 1920, a prospectus was issued inviting subscriptions of 23,000 9 per cent. participating Preference shares, and 30,000 12 per cent. short term profit sharing Bonds, all of £1 each. Applications were received for £3,084 Preference shares and 6,032 Bonds, the actual cash received by the company being £8,959, of which £8,095 was paid for preliminary expenses. The latter sum included £6,200 paid to the Fair Service Circular and Prospectus Issuing Company for printing and distributing some 200,000 prospectuses.

The Fair Service Company was little more than an alias of "Colonel" Eaton, so that by these devious routes Eaton contrived to pocket the bulk of the money.

It is not many months since we warned our readers against his promotion activities in the case of the Chagford and District Electric Lighting Corporation. He is at present actively engaged in the promotion of the Wareham Electric Supply Company, and a few days ago the Mayor and Council accepted an invitation to lunch with the "Colonel" on the occasion of the opening of the power station.

A long list of his previous fiascoes can be supplied to the Official Receiver, and we think the Mayor might with profit turn his attention also to the transactions in which Eaton is at present engaged.

Fifty Years of Fraud

NOW that stinging epithets have been applied by a London police magistrate to the methods of the Westminster Charity Committee, we may at last hope for a satisfactory termination to our long campaign of exposure of this disgraceful cheating concern and its hypocritical organiser, Walter Blackburn.

Mr. Mead, who presides at Marlborough Street, is, no doubt, a very busy man, and we must presume that he is unable to spare the time to read JOHN BULL diligently every week. If he had done so, he could scarcely have been so surprised and shocked as he obviously was by the discoveries which he made in the course of the prosecution of Charles Spencer, of Lysias Road, Balham, whom he sentenced to three months' imprisonment with hard labour for endeavouring to procure charitable contributions by false pretences.

Spencer was employed by the Westminster Charity Committee as a collector at £1 a week and 25 per cent. of the takings if they were over a certain amount.

"The methods adopted by this society seem to be very reprehensible," said the magistrate. "It seems to me a very scandalous thing indeed," he continued, "that so large a proportion of money given for the benefit of the poor should go into the pockets of the collectors."

Well said. But in condemning Spencer for appropriating to himself donations intended for the Westminster Charity Committee, Mr. Mead was evidently unaware that the accused man had merely shown himself a worthy disciple of his employer, Blackburn, whom we recently described as "one of the worst humbugs and most hardened scoundrels in the ignoble army of impostors who trade upon the kindness and generosity of the public."

During the half century that Blackburn has lived by means of the Westminster Charity Committee and similar organisations, he has proved himself a past-master in the art of diverting public subscriptions to his own use.

A typical instance of his methods was seen a few years ago in connection with a "Blind Aid Society," which he was running. In one year something like £2,000 was collected, but only £467 was handed over for the relief of the blind. Of the balance, £544 was paid to collectors, £650 was absorbed in expenses, and the remaining £339 was retained for the purpose of purchasing an annuity for Blackburn!

Mr. Mead seemed surprised that Spencer, who had been five times previously convicted as a thief and a cheat, should have been employed as a collector. Again, he must have been unaware that Blackburn himself has been in prison for a similar offence.

If this cheater of charities had his deserts, he would go there again.

Bargains of a Paragon

AFTER living at the rate of twenty pounds a week on money obtained by fraud from thousands of poor people, Norman Clevent Turner, the evil genius of "The Paragon Stores," of Bradford, now finds himself enmeshed in his own net.

At his public examination in bankruptcy last week the scathing comments on his method of trading, which have appeared in JOHN BULL from time to time, were fully justified. Indeed, as he himself admitted, it is mainly as a result of persistent exposure in these columns that he has had to face the searching cross-examination of the Official Receiver.

The "Paragon" plan, it will be remembered, was to advertise a "Wonderful Bargain Bale of Household Goods" at £1, which could be secured by payment of a first instalment of 2s. 6d. "Yours for 2s. 6d." was the slogan.

Thousands sent half-crowns in expectation of receiving the bale, but all they received was a circular stating that the deposit "only secures or fastens the bale, as per our advertisement." They would obtain possession of the bargain only on payment of the last instalment, but as a special inducement to complete the purchase forthwith they were offered the bale on receipt of cash balance of 16s. 6d. instead of 17s. 6d. with a "Wonderful Handsome Present."

Those who complied with this condition received a bale supposed to consist of fifty articles. These were the contents: One pair cotton blankets, one pair curtains, one pair ladies' stockings, one pair men's ditto, six small spoons, four knots white tape, two cards safety-pins, one card buttons, two small handkerchiefs. The "Wonderful Handsome Present" was a trashy bangle not worth 6d. Every pin and every button was counted as a separate article!

Thousands more, however, could not find 16s. 6d. in a lump sum, and went on paying 2s. 6d. weekly. The majority of these got nothing at all.

Questioned by the Official Receiver, Turner was compelled to admit that altogether 12,831 of these poor people had paid him various sums of money from 2s. 6d. upwards and had not received a single article. He also admitted that in the last twelve months he had received £11,228 from his customers.

The statement of affairs showed a deficiency of £3,352, but the liabilities have to be increased by sums of £1,400 and £1,940 not disclosed in the statement.

To add to the disgraceful nature of the fraud, this bankrupt swindler admits that he was insolvent when he started the business of "The Paragon Stores," and right from the commencement had liabilities of £4,000 which were constantly growing.

It will surprise us if these revelations are not followed by a prosecution.

Chickens, Toys and Scotsmen

IF you read in your newspaper this week that wild, armed battalions of Highlanders are invading Portsmouth and calling aloud for blood, do not be alarmed. Here is the explanation in advance!

NORMAN & SPINNER, of 32, Lion Terrace, Portsmouth, are wholesale warehousemen and job stock buyers. They are also great believers in advertising.

Some of their advertisements are very alluring. We have one before us which is described as a startling offer. Startling is sometimes a dull flabby anæmic word. It is in this case.

The offer is no less than one thousand toys for 21s., or somewhere about a farthing apiece.

If you were a small shopkeeper you would find it a terrible struggle to refrain from sending an order, not by post but by telegram. You would be more inclined to do this when you read the assurance of Mr. Norman, or Mr. Spinner, or perhaps both, that these toys are to retail from a halfpenny up to one-and-six, no cheaper quality goods being included.

Nor are you invited to buy a pig in a poke. You are told what the assortment includes. There are flying machines and mouth-organs and goggles. There are assorted wooden animals, punch voice imitators, which ought to be screamingly funny, there are dolls heads, toy salt-boxes, and devil-screechers, whatever they may be. And there are tops, and draught-boards, and marbles, and, for those who like something more solid for their money, there are bagatelle tables. It is added that the cases vary slightly in contents.

Neither is that all. These generous people offer to everybody who spends a pound with them a free clock for the mantelpiece. There are two clock illustrations in their advertisement, one looking as handsome as the other, and the encouraging description of a "magnificent five-guinea clock."

As we say, it is difficult to refrain from telegraphing at once before the five-guinea clock and the devil-screechers and the toy salt-boxes are all gone. That at least was the inspiration of Mr. W. Murrie, of 143, Elderslie Street, Charing Cross, Glasgow. He did not wait to write. He telegraphed his money right away, and included two shillings extra for the packing-case for the free clock.

Next week it was a wrathful Scotsman who contemplated the opened packing-case. There were no toy salt-boxes, the devil a devil-screecher was there, the bagatelle table had been omitted; there wasn't even a flying machine, or a punch voice imitator.

Then he sadly remembered the phrase, "Cases vary slightly in contents." His opinion varied at the same time, but not nearly so slightly.

He had a gross of jumping frogs, a gross of explosive cigarettes, dozens of wooden fountain pens, boxes of coloured beads and 252 fancy-stoned lucky rings. Also he got some funny picture postcards, a purse, which is hardly a toy, and a spade, which came in very handy to a gentleman who wanted to call a spade an incarnadined agricultural implement. There were lots of other things, including chocolates and stink bombs, packed, it is only right to say, in separate boxes.

Mr. Murrie was a sadder and a wiser man. He did not believe that a purse was a toy or that a chocolate came under the same category, but what grieved him most was that there was no five-guinea clock to put gracefully on no bagatelle table! So he sat down and wrote a letter of protest. He said that chocolates were confectionery, not toys, and that funny postcards were stationery, and in his wrath he did not refrain from saying rude things about the clock which unfortunately had not come up to time.

But he got an explanation about the clock. Owing to the extraordinary demand for them he was told that the stock was temporarily disposed of; but that its value was two shillings—not five guineas. He did not even get the two shillings it was worth. Instead they sent him a consignment of Mason's essence of chicken, adding this startling sentence: "We are desirous of trying this in your kitchen for the making of chicken broth."

This was too much for Mr. Murrie. He wanted toys to sell again, and the foundations of trade are undermined if, when you buy toys, you get chicken broth.

Apart from that, he did not want Messrs. Norman & Spinner coming all the way from Portsmouth to Glasgow to mess about in his kitchen with confounded and unwanted culinary experiments.

Mr. Murrie would not be placated by chicken broth. He was too old a bird for that. So he demanded his money back. He did not get it, but he was told by Messrs. Norman & Spinner that they had always heard that a Scotsman wanted a lot for his money. Mr. Murrie's hair stood on end. Not only had he been fobbed off with chicken broth instead of devil-screechers, but the sacred honour of Scotland had been assailed.

Stands Scotland where she did? We hope so. But we do not think that any Scotsman will embark in the toy business via Portsmouth, even with the added advantage not of Scotch but of chicken broth in the kitchen.

Ten Thousand Tragedies

COLD figures can often conceal a story that would be long in the telling were it put into words. Compressed in the figures 10,000 lies a tale of suffering relieved, grief solaced, and damage repaired, that would make a moving story could it all be reproduced.

What tales of the unexpected, what stories of despair suddenly turned to hope, what loads of bitter grief and tragedy have been made a little lighter—only we ourselves know that all this lies behind that bald statement that JOHN BULL has now paid 10,000 Benefits under its Insurance Scheme.

We look back at the case of Mr. A. Ross, 9, Gibson Street, Kilmarnock. Little did he think what was soon to happen to him when one morning he started to chop firewood. It was all over in a moment—one of the flying splinters that sped from beneath the swinging axe pierced his eye and the sight was gone for ever. We could not restore his sight, but because he had the foresight to register with JOHN BULL we could, and did, forward him a substantial cheque for £125 which did something to comfort him in his distress

There was the case of Mr. T. A. W. Wilkes, 101, Barrow Road, Sheffield. The happy inmates of his smiling home had no thought of disaster—but there came a bolt from the blue. A blinding flash of lightning, and red ruin followed which laid his home waste. There was only one ray of comfort. Thanks to precautions he had taken he received a sum from JOHN BULL, with which he was able to repair the disaster.

Many of our readers blessed the moments they had spent in signing our registration forms during the recent storms. Among them was Mr. James Wall in whose home the flood brought destruction and chaos. Our cheque enabled him to rebuild his home.

After the storm, the fire—and Mr. R. H. Dixon, 16, Lune Street, Saltburn-on-Sea, was faced one day by the gaunt walls and smouldering débris of what a few short hours ago had been his home. Nothing remained but a blackened shell. But there was still a word to say. Mr. Dixon was one of our registered readers and a cheque for £235 enabled him to make good his material loss.

Too numerous to mention are the cases of help in sickness, the sad tales of bereavement, the desolate wives and husbands whose grief has been somewhat assuaged by the knowledge that financial difficulty would not follow hard on the heels of the loss of their loved ones. Our new Sports Benefits have also proved a boon to many of our readers.

JOHN BULL looks back to-day on the record of those 10,000 benefits with pride and satisfaction. We have done a little towards making easier the path of those whose feet have encountered the rough places of Life.

The Shepherd's Fleeced Flock

HOW easily the savings of hard-working people can be wheedled from them and thrown to the winds is revealed in this story. The glaring loopholes in the Company Law that permit people to be robbed in this way must be speedily removed.

IF thousands of fresh victims are deploring their losses through the financial activities of Mr. Harry B. Shepherd, of 3, Bower Road, Harrogate, it is because they add to their other imprudences the failure to read JOHN BULL as carefully as they should.

At the beginning of August we dealt with the astonishing proposal that the Yorkshire Mutual Benefit Company, Ltd., should be turned from a private into a public company. This concern purported to be a democratic savings bank, and the people who had deposited their money were invited to hand over their savings in exchange for shares.

We told them plainly that if they did this they would lose the right to get their money back. The melancholy proof that we were right is to be found in the fact that this concern has now gone into liquidation, with a total deficiency of over £12,000.

The Managing Director of the Yorkshire Mutual, Mr. Harry B. Shepherd, will probably soon recover from the shock caused by the collapse of the undertaking. In his time he has been secretary of between forty and fifty notorious money societies, booby-traps for the poor, which were closed down by the Chief Registrar.

How is it possible for a man with such a record to continue his disastrous career without hindrance?

It is because, under our law, a man need not divulge his financial record before starting a new company on the ashes of his previous failures, and it is not a criminal offence to say, as his company did, that it had "no cause to serve except the cause of humanity, groaning and suffering under the exactions and tyrannies of the profiteers, money-mongers, gold-bugs and humbugs of every description."

Thousands of working-class people, reading this lofty and philanthropic language, believed that they were dealing with a great concern, run by high-minded, patriotic people of high character.

The Yorkshire Mutual Benefit Co., which solicited deposits in the guise of a bank, was really a back room in the house of Mr. Shepherd in a suburban road of a provincial town.

To show what a great fellow he was, Shepherd issued a photograph of himself with a circular telling his life story—how he had been apprenticed to the printing trade, then a printer's traveller, then the circulation manager of a newspaper, and, at twenty-four, the secretary to a trade union. He told how he had been a professional footballer, a tribute to his sporting qualities, how he was a glutton for work, a shrewd judge of men, and added that the company's affairs were safe in his hands.

He did not add, perhaps for want of space, the real crown of his career, his secretaryship to the forty odd societies which were closed down by the Chief Registrar. In his zeal to build up a new business a man may easily forget a few score of similar institutions that, having faded out of existence, may also fade out of memory.

A shrewd judge of men. Agreed. He issued a circular to his agents telling them how to explain why they could afford to pay 7½ per cent. to depositors. They could beat the ordinary banks, he said, because they had not expensive branches. That was true. They had only one back room.

He said that they paid interest on deposits only once a year, but were able to use the deposited money by lending it out many times a year at 12 per cent. "Candidly," he added, "we always make 20 per cent. with the money you invest."

This kind of dope imposed upon thousands of people, took their hard-earned savings from them, and ended in the loss of over twelve thousand pounds.

What are the facts? While Mr. Shepherd was telling his silly sheep how money could be invested to make 20 per cent., the company was all the time losing money and drifting steadily to disaster. In the words of the liquidator, "The whole basis of the company's working was wrong and financially unsound."

Its first year's trading showed a loss of three hundred pounds. The next year that sum was raised to three thousand pounds. Another two years finished the job, and scattered the lost twelve thousand.

And now for what appears to us the most scandalous item in this whole catalogue of hopeless and unsound finance. We have obtained a copy of a circular issued from Mr. Harry B. Shepherd's address, offering those who had deposited money the chance to exchange that money for share certificates, which would enable the people who did it to participate in profits made. It is dated June 2, 1923.

At that time the company was *insolvent*. Not only that, but Mr. Harry B. Shepherd, the Managing Director, *knew* that it was insolvent. He admitted before the liquidator a few days ago that he had known this for about twelve months.

What is to be thought of the Company Law which permits scandalous transactions of this kind?

Cannot Parliament spare time to protect the savings of simple and hardworking people from light-hearted optimists who take their money by specious pretexts and throw it down the sink?

A Pill for Pardoe

FROM his office at 161a, Strand, "Geoffroy R. Pardoe" carries merrily on with one of the most brazen swindles which have been exposed in our pages.

Last week we printed in full a lying circular from this arch-rogue of the Competition world. Pardoe, however, is not content to rest on the unholy laurels which we have already awarded him. This week another of his precious circulars has fallen into our hands. It is sent by a "Bullets" competitor at Mumbles, who complains that he is continually being pestered by Pardoe's circulars. This reader is wise enough to ignore them, but realises that their cunning promises might tempt others less wary into the net.

"Your name," says Pardoe in this document, "is already before the adjudicator. I know it for a fact. That is the reason that I am specially reserving for you the best two £1,000 'Bullets' I have written this week."

Pardoe's brilliant brain-waves are to cost you only five shillings apiece, but this seemingly expensive figure is accounted for by a "Magnificent service" he is willing to perform for you. Read on. "I shall myself watch the career of these 'Bullets' with the closest attention on your behalf."

What Pardoe implies by "watching the career of these 'Bullets'" is that he is in collusion with our adjudicators and can influence decisions in our "Bullets" Competition—a piece of cool impudence which we will but mildly describe as an infamous lie.

"You may safely trust in me," continues this wily trickster, "and believe that I know something, and that I shall use my Confidential Knowledge to your benefit. Don't delay, as early entry will better suit my Considered Purpose. Write me, and await the First Prize confidently."

The "something" that Pardoe knows, his "Confidential Knowledge" and his "Considered Purpose" are all so much bunkum—the baited hook with which he hopes to entice the unsuspecting. "Bullets" prizes are for those who can win them by honest means. Pardoe will not help you to win; but he will help himself to your money.

"Super-Solver" though he may style himself, Pardoe omits to mention what he has solved. In some of his circulars he prints recent prize "Bullets" in such a manner as to steal the credit for them from the winners; had he any real claim to success, he would not descend to such catch-penny methods.

But if he refers to solving the problem of picking other people's pockets with impunity, well, he certainly seems to have mastered that pretty thoroughly.

The very bumptiousness and illiterate phrasing of Pardoe's circulars betray the fact that he is an ignorant sharper of the commonest type, obviously without the ability to supply "£1,000 Winning Lines."

In fact, if he had christened himself Super-Swindler, Champion Charlatan and Heavy-weight Hoaxer, we should have been inclined to agree with him

White Elk's Tenderfoot

THOSE who get their ideas of the character of Red Indians from Longfellow's "Hiawatha," will be pained to hear of the disreputable manner of the departure of an individual who some time ago caused a mild sensation by appearing in this country as "White Elk, Chief of the Cherokees."

This copper-coloured charlatan, who sometimes goes by the name of "Dr. Ray Tewanna," actually presented himself at Buckingham Palace to plead the cause of his oppressed tribe before the King.

What success he met with in that direction we know not, but we have ample evidence that subsequently he contrived to wheedle money out of simple-minded folk by a shameless imposture.

A month or so ago he took up his abode in Leicester, and secured engagements at three of the local kinema theatres, where, rigged out in wampum and moccasins, he lectured on the woes of his people.

As a climax he organised a great gathering in the Corn Exchange, where he introduced a seven-year-old boy as his son, exclaiming, "He is to me what your Prince of Wales is to the King—the heir-apparent!"

After a clap-trap recital of the Red Man's sorrows, he drew the attention of the audience to one of their number who appeared to be in some sort of fit and was babbling incoherently.

"White Elk" declared that he was under spiritualistic control and was talking in the Cherokee tongue. The voice was the voice of his dear departed father, pleading with him to return and rescue the tribe from oppression!

By such means this rascally redskin feathered his nest, and before his departure from Leicester he even "borrowed" the savings of several simple townsfolk.

Even more disreputable was his conduct after his departure. Before leaving he had approached a lad of nineteen and offered him a job as chauffeur. This lad received a message from the "White Elk," who was in Paris, instructing him to obtain a passport and £10 and cross to France.

With great difficulty the boy's parents managed to raise £8 and sent their son to Paris. On arrival there he put up at an hotel on instuctions from his Cherokee employer, whose first concern was to borrow all the money he had.

The following day a swell motor-car called for "White Elk," who drove off, promising to return later. That was the last the lad saw of him.

The hotel proprietor promptly turned the deserted boy out of the hotel and confiscated his luggage.

Left stranded without a sou, the poor fellow tramped the streets in the pitiless rain until he was rescued and sent home by an officer of the British Legion.

Cannot the police track the white-livered scoundrel?

Triumph of Our Great Séance

by SYDNEY A. MOSELEY

THE great "John Bull" test séance—the result of a challenge from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to Mr. Sydney A. Moseley—has ended in the triumphant vindication of our contributor's assertion that the whole proceeding was a trick. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has paid over his cheque for £25 to the medium's manager in accordance with the terms of his challenge.

The Medium

IT was an intent and influential gathering at the JOHN BULL offices which met in order to decide the point at issue between Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and myself. It will be remembered that in a recent article I broke a long silence, and told the whole story of how Sir Arthur and a committee of experts were palpably tricked by an alleged medium. Sir Arthur promptly issued through this journal a challenge denying, in effect, that he was hood-winked. Here are his own words:

"Mr. Moseley quotes me as saying I was very impressed. So I was, and so I will continue to be until I receive some adequate explanation. This has not yet been forthcoming. The performance began by a remarkable exhibition of what I can only suppose to have been telepathy. Mr. Moseley tells us that it was 'wireless telephony.' This, in a crowded room!"

Sir Arthur went on to say:

"We spiritualists may be credulous, but I do not think we can go that length. Mr. Moseley should measure his legs, for I am convinced that one of them has been badly pulled by the gentleman who gave him so absurd an explanation."

Finally, Sir Arthur wrote—"If it is not psychic, I will freely admit it, and confess myself deceived."

Sir Arthur headed his letter "A Challenge," and offered to pay over £25 "either to the manager or to the lady, if they will satisfy me that what I and others saw that night was merely a trick."

* * *

The JOHN BULL Test Séance, therefore, was to settle this interesting point. The same medium—Miss Winter—the same manager, Mr. P. T. Selbit—the same exhibition of "psychometry" the same ghost—everything the same. At the end, Sir Arthur made several interesting speeches. In one, he said that this was an obvious trick, in another he said his position was just the same, and that he could not say whether it was genuine or not. In a further speech, he said that for all he knew it might be psychic one day and fraudulent the next. Nevertheless, like the good sportsman he is, Sir Arthur paid over to the illusionist, Mr. Selbit, £25, in accordance with the conditions of his challenge. And so, everything concluded very happily.

The whole idea of the test, however, was to prove whether it was possible to produce by mechanical means 'phenomena' which spiritualists declare can be produced by purely psychic means. The test clearly proved, as I asserted, that it is perfectly easy to do so. That was established beyond all possible shadow of doubt.

The proceedings opened with the audience being invited to place certain articles into a black bag. I noticed the extreme care and secrecy with which this was done by certain avowed spiritualists. Such articles as a Chinese medallion, a watch, a penknife, a sealed letter, and a ring, were offered in order to test the powers of the medium.

The black bag containing the articles was then placed in an ordinary cardboard box, which was secured by a piece of red elastic. This was now handed to the medium, a tall dark lady who wore a white veil in yashmak fashion. Then, at my suggestion, the editor of a spiritualist newspaper and a famous ex-M.P. took their places at each side of the medium, in order to intercept any message which might reach her from an outside source. The lights were then lowered, while the medium endeavoured to "get into touch" with the articles she held.

It was of course utterly impossible for her to tell by physical touch what articles she handled. For instance, Dr. Edwin Smith and his wife had placed in the box a carefully sealed envelope. For the medium to have unsealed this in the dark and read the contents was a sheer impossibility. Nevertheless, when the lights were put on in a few minutes, what time a gentleman at the harmonium discoursed sweet music, in which was sacrilegiously interspersed a hymn like a version of "They Wouldn't Believe Me," she was able to describe with perfect accuracy each one of the articles that had been placed in the bag.

Be it remembered that the doors and windows were locked, and that the medium, in full view of the audience, and now under the glare of the electric light, still held the elastically bound box. Now she looked intensely into space, striving hard to sense the articles. When she described the contents of the sealed envelope, there was an audible gasp of astonishment. Miss Winter looked the part. Her pale, æsthetic-looking face, her pathetic gasping and sighing, her nervous clutching of the air, as if she would pick out the objects she sensed—all this impressed this audience at the JOHN BULL Offices as it did the original committee of experts. The medium's method was quite the same on this occasion. With puckered brow, and closed eyes, she said:

"I get with the first article that comes to me, a sense of tragedy. It seems to me that I am being shown the time—7 minutes past nine. Does that convey anything to anyone present?" she asked plaintively. "Nothing else comes to me at present . . . but it may build." A short pause amid intense excitement. Then: "I get the idea of a loud concussion. Now I see a youngish man—quite a young man—but that is all that comes, and it is in connection with the concussion. I am passing from that for the moment—why do I get the idea of a piece of rubber tissue? . . . I am trying to get something through to identify that. I get a letter coming to me. It is an 'A.' I do not know whether it is an initial or not . . the word 'Rodney" comes to me . . ."

Dr. Smith identified the article.

"I come now to an emblem of eternity. I see a complete circle. I get the impression of gold or metal of some kind. There is something I am trying to get in connection with it. I am being shown curious characters . . . very worn . . . nearly worn away."

Dr. Stanley Brown, very impressed, acknowledged that the article belonged to him. Then the medium identified Dr. Arthur Lynch's penknife, and told him something of which he was not aware—of its actual make, described to Mr. Baggally, of the Psychical Research Society, his valet, and so on. A clever and

Mr. P. T. Selbit

mystifying exhibition. It was this part in particular which puzzled everybody, even the scientists.

* * *

In writing to say that he would be present at the JOHN BULL séance, Sir Wm. Barrett wrote that "he would very much like to know what Mr. Moseley understood about wireless telephony. He seems to suppose that no special hearing apparatus, no wireless aerials, etc., are required. As an electrician, I am interested to know if he has made a new and remarkable discovery in wireless telephony."

By this time, the famous scientist, in common with other of his equally famous confrères, is no doubt a little less incredulous.

I saw Lady Conan Doyle pull Sir Arthur's sleeve, and suggest an explanation, but beyond the vague and unsubstantiated plea that it might be a trick, Sir Arthur was unable to put his hand on a weak point. He contented himself with doing what I suggested in my last article that he might do. He hedged. Finally, he retreated. Sir Arthur pointed out that in one detail this séance differed from the original one, in so far as there was a red light at the first séance. As a matter of fact, it was a green light placed there for the benefit of the pianist. On this occasion, the player was able to dispense with this light.

In any case, I can assure Sir Arthur that it made not the slightest difference to the "manifestations." Where this séance did actually differ was in this respect: the JOHN BULL séance was far too popular. Instead of the quiet spiritual atmosphere, which is half the battle with fraudulent mediums, there was a large crowd of earnest investigators, which made it more difficult for her.

The first part of the séance over, the lights were lowered again, and everybody waited breathlessly for the materialisation—the "ghost."

Within a few minutes, the heavy sighing of the medium ceased, and a little dull luminous ball suddenly appeared at the back of the medium. This gradually grew in length, until it developed into as fair sized a ghost you could wish—or not wish!—to meet. It stood to attention on the extreme right of the medium, marked time, and then glided or marched towards her, until it reached the other side of the room. Here it hovered for a bit, in mid-air, the lower part of the efflorescent form bent until the body was almost double. Then it went through graceful luminous poses, seemed to bow, and slowly vanished.

It accomplished, in fact, all that it set out to do; all that it achieved when it puzzled the original committee of experts. If this séance had been held in an atmosphere of belief rather than in an atmosphere of suspicion, which I had purposely created in my JOHN BULL articles, there is not the slightest doubt that it would have "gone down" wholesomely with the spiritualists present.

What is so astonishing is the obstinate reluctance of spiritualists to admit that so far as this medium is concerned they were spoofed. It does not follow, as I pointed out in the very interesting and unexpected debate which followed the séance—the gist of which together with other spontaneous expressions of opinion is printed on the opposite page—that this exposure disproves spiritualism.

Sir Arthur is good at deductions. Will he tell me why on earth Mr. Selbit and his medium should descend to trickery, if—as Sir Arthur suggests—they are able to accomplish the very much greater achievement of psychic manifestations? It surpasseth all understanding.

The "Ghost" in Long Acre

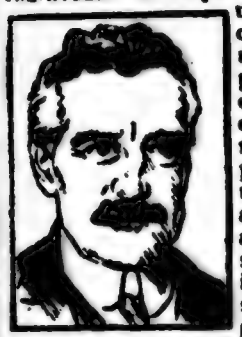
FOLLOWING are some impressions of the great séance from believers and non-believers. Among them were those who attended the original séance, Mr. Moseley's description of which created the controversy leading to this experiment. The speeches after the test were of a high order, Sir Arthur winding up the debate with a few particularly happy and good-natured words.

"A New Religion."
—Dr. Arthur Lynch, the well-known Psychologist.

"I daresay we are on the eve of the birth of a great new religion called Spiritualism. But that does not in the least degree impress me with the fact that its foundations are sound; although I can foresee that Spiritualism is destined to spread and in a short time may become the most powerful, with the greatest number of devotees, of all existing religions.

"At the same time, let us take one example from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's mode of reasoning. He says that it is possible sometimes to produce certain results by psychic means, and at other times to produce them by mechanical means.

"The point is that the whole foundation of this religion, in so far as it endeavours to express faith, depends upon the validity of its psychic means, and the proof is in the existence of phenomena — and to my mind it is simply absurd. And nothing is more absurd that the attitude of some sceptics who think it must have some supernatural origin if they are unable to explain it.



Dr. Arthur Lynch.

"Are we to have the great supernatural world vanishing and reappearing just as we are able to explain or fail to explain the tricks? And another point: we hear a lot about spiritualism and about telepathy.

"Spiritualism may be in doubt, but I say telepathy does not exist. I daresay that those who believe in telepathy convince themselves even by reason. I, for one, say that in the development of the whole history of science it has no foundation at all, but it has held the minds of scientific men for a couple of centuries.

"Some day a genius, by a few simple experiments, will blow the whole thing into a myth. My own example of the mode of working of a mind is laid down in my own principles of psychology. I have reached certain conclusions which enable me to speak . . . and I say this afternoon we have simply amused ourselves."

"Most interesting."
—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

"A most interesting performance, but I cannot say on this occasion I am impressed, although I am sure that the performance was very clever. I appeal to anyone who was there. Is there one person who will not corroborate me when I say that, first of all, in the first test no darkness at all was introduced? At least, it was done very cleverly if they substituted another box.

"One could see the outline of the medium quite clearly. I saw this yellowish vapour-like matter issuing out of her right side and gradually assuming shape—not of a human figure exactly, but a pillar-box or cylindrical shape. I distinctly saw it form out of her side.

"Therefore I cannot accept what I have seen to-day as being the same as I saw last time. You may well say that Mr. Selbit has told Mr. Moseley that it was a trick. Well, I can tell you that Mr. Selbit confidentially told the Editor of a certain paper that it was *not* a trick, and that it was psychic.

"I have evidence that the medium quite independently has psychic powers. There is a considerable conflict of evidence on the matter. I think Mr. Baggally would back me up that a thing can be done by telepathy and also by code.

Sir A. Conan Doyle.

"I like always to hear the other point of view. What I said about a thing being psychic one day, and a trick on another, applies to those lowest forms of phenomena which really do not matter. The amount of evidence and information has come my way largely because I put myself in the way of getting it.

"I have attended many hundreds of séances, and I have been face to face with my own mother, with six witnesses present, all of whom saw her as I saw her.

"When you have such a result as that, when you speak face to face with your own brother as I have done—and he asked me to get his widow to consult a doctor in Copenhagen, and I did not even know there was such a doctor, a Danish name which I had never heard of—when you have such experiences, you do not think about these things; you *know*.

"All these things I am telling you are absolutely true. They have occurred to me always in the presence of witnesses. These examples are only small matters as compared with the experiences which I have received. I have been permitted to touch the figures in many cases. If a man cannot believe the evidence of his own senses, and the evidence of every man in the room, what can be believe?"

"Astounded and bewildered."
—David Gow, Editor of "Light."

"As an attender at the original demonstration of the 'Masked Medium,' I saw nothing to convince me that the feats performed were of a genuinely psychic character, although Mr. Selbit, the alleged medium's manager, gave me a confidential assurance that it was the real thing, and that the lady was actually a medium with whom he and his wife had had séances and gained remarkable manifestations.

Mr. David Gow.

"Mr. Moseley is probably right in saying that the performance convinced some of the sceptics or non-spiritualists. I recall that the late Dr. Wynn Westcott, the coroner, was so greatly impressed that he came to see me to ask how the thing could be explained.

"Other persons strongly maintained to me that the 'Masked Medium' was a real medium giving genuine mediumship, but I adhered to my attitude, as all the appearances were against such a possibility, although I admit I could not explain some of the feats performed. They astonished and bewildered everybody.

"Some time after this Mr. Moseley gave a full explanation of the *modus operandi* of all the tricks, as furnished to him by Mr. Selbit. It is conceivable that Mr. Selbit's assurances to me that the performance was genuine psychic phenomena should be balanced against his statements to Mr. Moseley which affirmed the exact contrary. I agree that the conditions were the same—except in a few details—as those which prevailed at the first séance.

"As to the occasional mixture of the supernatural with the 'spoof' in conjuring entertainments, I am very clear, having in mind cases in point, one of them furnished by a friend who is a member of the Magic Circle."

"Most ingenious."
—Sydney A. Moseley.

In a speech at the séance, in reply to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Mr. Moseley said: "I want to say now that beyond all possible doubt the conditions that obtained at the first séance were reproduced faithfully at the test séance. There is no doubt at all about that. While I do not think that this test proves or disproves Spiritualism, I think, nevertheless,

Sir Arthur's Admission.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle: I do not even now say that the thing is not psychic. I simply say I do not know.

Mr. Moseley: That makes it still more interesting. Mr. Selbit, is it or is it not a trick?

Mr. Selbit: It is a trick.

that Sir Arthur ought to acknowledge a trick when it is so pointed out to him.

"This takes us no further along the road except that it shows conclusively that it is possible to hoodwink people, and the fact that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle will not acknowledge that it was a trick shows that some spiritualists are highly gullible. I would rather Mr. Selbit explained how the first part worked. It is most ingenious.

"I was not in the secret until very recently as regards the second part. I gathered that it was a trick, and I got the confession from him, and I made it public. The audience at the JOHN BULL offices were all to see the very same thing as I saw before. I can assure you that it is a trick, and that in every possible way it was a reproduction of the original séance."

"It was a trick."
—P. T. Selbit, the Illusionist.

"The audience were invited to examine the room and behind the curtains before we began. There was nothing behind the curtains except windows which look out on the street. I told Mr. Moseley exactly how the first séance was performed and to his knowledge we performed this later seance in exactly the same way.

"Moreover, I am presenting the identical experiment next Monday at Maskelyne's Theatre, where it will be described as *The John Bull Seance.*"

"Very realistic."
—Lady Kitty Vincent.

"The two chief impressions I received during the séance were the extremely efficient trick capabilities of the medium, and the unwillingness of the spiritualists to be convinced that trickery had been used on a previous occasion.

"The efforts of the medium to discover what objects were hidden in the black bag in the box were very realistic and might have taken in anybody, but the emanations coming from her body were as unimpressive as are the supposedly genuine ones. I have once seen genuine emanations, and I think they probably were real as far as these things ever are. The result was very much the same as that of yesterday evening, and no more impressive.

Lady Kitty Vincent.

"I speak with an open mind, because I and several members of my family are clairvoyants, and I believe most certainly in the existence of a spirit world.

"The spiritualists I saw yesterday were apparently exercised over the question as to whether either, both, or neither of the séances conducted by the same medium were genuine. If the spirits can do nothing better than a clever conjuror can do on this earth, it seems to me either they are not very powerful, or what is more probable, they have something better to do."

"First Seance a Fake."
—Dr. Edwin Smith, Coroner for N.E. London.

"I see no ground for invoking any supernormal agency. My fellow members of the Occult Committee of the Magic Circle, who were among the company at the JOHN BULL séance, are in agreement with me; and of course we have also on this occasion, the admission from the 'performers' themselves that the effects were produced by normal means.

Dr. Edwin Smith.

"I should like, in passing, to repeat my confirmation of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's assertion at the close of the 'performance' as to the altered details of procedure. Not all the company at the first meeting were 'tricked.' Some of us at all events, including the late Mr. Stuart Cumberland and myself, were quite satisfied that no 'psychic' explanation was required.

"I suggested there was a possible explanation of the trick, which may or may not have been the correct solution. But to fail to discover the actual method employed (if there was such failure) in no way justifies the assertion that those present were 'bluffed.' On the contrary, the choice was between trickery and a 'psychic' explanation, and it is now admitted that some at least chose correctly."

CARTOONETTES

and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

Must we endure or can we cure
This thieving "Johnny Stout"?
Is he to stay with us alway
Or can we blot him out.

No matter how much Johnny tries,
That Kite he cannot sail;
He'll never get the thing to rise
With such a tangled tail.

For Fritz the French have made it hot,
But is it any use?
The Golden eggs they haven't got
Altho' they've killed the goose.

Tho' Junkers with their banished swords
May peaceful folk be frightening
They and their kind should bear in mind
That swords attract the lightning.

SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

NAPOLEON has a lot to answer for. Think of the troop of little Bonapartes who have crossed the European stage since his time—men who have tried hard to copy him and who have only succeeded in copying his mistakes.

Another little Bonaparte is now loose in Europe. But he's an anachronism—in Europe. South America is the place for a man of his temperament. Guatemala is his spiritual home. There he could resort to all those theatrical tricks and picturesque gestures that never fail to bring down the house.

He could alternate, with immense dramatic effect, the dual roles of "strong, silent man" and "violent, voluble man." He could indulge his chief hobby—the careful timing of bolts from the blue. He could bestride his toy-Empire like a Colossus, and no one would be a penny the worse for it—except the other would-be Colossuses!

Signor Mussolini has several bolts up his sleeve, which he will probably time when the larger nations are too busy wrangling with one another to pay much attention to him. For the benefit of any small nation that may be the victim of a future Mussolini bolt, I have thought out a suitable reply to his probable demands: "My dear fellow, you shall have as many salutes from as many guns as there are in this country—pop-guns included—and we will command the whole of our population to wear waistcoats made of the Italian national colours and to eat spaghetti until they die of indigestion!" This should prevent further friction.

Sad to relate, the Italian Dictator is a humourless fellow. By nature sad and pensive, when not acting he is usually dreaming.

Once, when his presence and advice were urgently needed, he refused to do anything until he had finished a novel in which he was immersed. But that was probably a pose, like Drake's game of bowls, adopted for the sole object of allaying panic.

There are two distinct Mussolinis. The Mussolini who appears outside his own sanctum, whether on the platform or at a cabinet meeting, never opens his mouth until his mind is made up. He listens to others talking for an hour at a time, and when they have talked themselves out he summarily disposes of the matter under discussion in a few even sentences, uttered in a silken voice.

But there is another Mussolini who is only known by his intimates and secretaries. This man talks and argues with irritating insistency for hours together. The silken manner drops and the voice becomes harsh as it rises and falls. He is full of doubts and questionings and he needs the positive assertion of others to make him feel comfortable. He longs to be popular; and, sometimes, he is haunted by the thought of assassination.

Signor Mussolini
Prime Minister of Italy

In a word, the public Mussolini is a poseur, who manages fairly effectually to scare the harassed diplomats and panic-stricken politicians of Europe.

Little do they realise that, alone in his sanctum, he sometimes trembles at the possible consequences of his own actions and requires more than the reiterated assurances of his companions to bring balm to his soul.

Food Poisoners at Large

by T. W. H. CROSLAND

A DAY'S work is a fine thing—when you can get it. And so is a day's food and drink. With the ingredients or constituent parts of a day's work most of us are fairly familiar. And you might think that one doesn't need to be much of scholar to write down the items in a day's food and drink.

Yet I wonder how many of us are aware that yesterday pretty well the whole of the people of England who ate and drank at all took into their honest British systems a nice little supply of some or each of the following: Sucrate of lime, barium sulphide, borax, black-lead, sand, iron-filings, cotton-seed oil, tallow, arsenic, strychnine, vitriol, benzoate of soda, coal-tar dye, peroxide of hydrogen?

How do I make that out? Well, suppose you breakfasted more or less simply on a cup of tea, with milk or cream and sugar, a boiled egg and the usual "thin slice of bread-and-butter."

The chances are that your tea contained a certain amount of black-lead, the washings of iron-filings and of various poisonous leaves that never saw China or Ceylon, plus a trifle of sand. Your sugar, even if "only one lump please," would contain another trifle of sand, together with traces of barium sulphate and other chemical poisons. You would get your due and legal whack of borax and sucrate of lime out of the milk or cream, and the fresh butter on your thin slice would include boric acid to the tune of probably 14 grains to the pound if it were "fresh" and three o four grains if it were "salt."

Even the "harmless" necessary egg may have contained a percentage of preservative, inasmuch as preserved eggs—and nine out of ten of 'em are preserved—absorb some of the lime or other chemical in which they have been kept fresh, and the consumer gets the benefit.

Unless you restricted yourself at lunch time to a cut off a guaranteed English joint, with potatoes and a green vegetable, you took on additional chemicals. If you had fish it may have been dipped in permanganate, or fried in cotton-seed oil. If you fancied a bit of salad, the oil on it most likely was cotton-seed and the vinegar laden with poisonous acids.

The lard in your "sweet" contained still further cotton-seed oil and an appreciable dash of tallow. While your "morsel of cheese to finish with" contained poisonous chemical colouring and preservative. And so on throughout the day, right down to your drop of supper beer, which, like any other "drop" you may have partaken of at lunch, dinner or between meals, in all likelihood contained arsenic, strychnine, vitriol, opium, copperas, tobacco, etc., etc., etc.

Now I am not exaggerating about this, and I take the solemner facts from a recent handbook on the subject called "How to Avoid all Diseases." Whether we could actually avoid all diseases by making it a penal offence to sell or serve food and drink which has been chemically "faked," may be an open question. But it is certain that the steady, meal-by-meal, day-by-day, and year-by-year doping of the people with poisonous preservatives is a much more serious matter than even adulteration and the palming-off as "English" of comestibles of foreign origin.

If it is criminal in a nigger to supply dope to here and there to a few maniacs who crave for it, why isn't it criminal in a white man to hand out dope to the masses, who don't want it and wouldn't give a thank-you for tons of it? The thing has got to such a pitch that we cannot afford to ignore it any longer. Everybody is complaining that the nutriment seems to have gone out of nearly all foods, and that eating nowadays spells indigestion rather than strength. While as for drinking, or in plain terms the working man's beer. . . !

It is high time the Ministry of Health took "doping by preservatives" drastically in hand.

The First Steps to Crime

by ROBERT HOLMES

(The well-known Police-court Missionary.)

A GRAVE responsibility rests on the shoulders of magistrates dealing with men and women appearing in court for the first time. A touch of humanity can make the future of these poor people bearable. Hasty judgment and a term of imprisonment can blot out the light from the rest of their lives and send them stumbling along the pathway of crime.

WHEN the Lord Chief Justice of England exhorts magistrates to think twice before sending a man or woman to prison for the first time, we are plainly getting on, as my friend Robert Blatchford says. But we must not make too much of the ground we have won. We have a long way to go yet.

A good many magistrates, and a good many who are not magistrates, will require many exhortations before they come to realise that, even in cases of exceptional gravity, sentence to imprisonment should be postponed so long as more merciful treatment shows the faintest prospect of effecting reform.

Ten days after the Lord Chief Justice had spoken, two magistrates had before them a decently dressed, penitent-looking lad of twenty who had foolishly tampered with money collected on account of his employer, till, finding himself in a mess, he ran away from home to give himself up to the police of a distant town.

IT was an old story of boyish extravagance. Though he had taken about £40, he had frittered every penny away and had not left himself so much as a cigarette packet to show for all his spending.

But the matter ended with embezzlement. There had been no attempt to conceal his wrong-doing by falsifying books or anything like that. His employer spoke well of his general conduct, saying that he did not wish to press the case. His widowed mother, a frail-looking woman neatly dressed in black, told what an excellent son he had been till this lapse, while the lad himself stated quietly that whatever punishment was meted out that day, he would not rest till he had paid back every penny he had stolen.

THERE was a hush in court while the magistrates held a brief consultation with the clerk. Mother and son evidently regarded the offence as too grave for any treatment short of imprisonment, and sympathetic spectators for the most part shared their view. And as frequenters of the court were used to seeing boys and girls lightly dealt with after stealing a few pence or a few shillings, not half a dozen present that day could bring themselves to regard probation as equally fitting where the amount stolen was as much as £40.

The bench proved equally unimaginative. Turning to the misguided lad the chairman expressed regret that he should have brought disgrace upon his family, then declared that the most lenient sentence the court could pass for an offence so grave was a month's imprisonment in the second division.

Now if the boy had elected to take his trial before the Recorder of that city he would certainly not have gone to prison. He would have been bound over to come up for judgment twelve months later, when, a report presented by the police telling of satisfactory conduct during the year of probation, discharge would follow as a matter of course.

AND the Recorder's method has the recommendation of good sense as well as sound charity. There is no profit to the community in hurrying a first offender to prison. Whatever his age, and even where the offence is of some gravity, it is far better to postpone so dangerous an experiment as imprisonment as long as possible.

In my early days as a police court missionary, a respectably dressed, intelligent-looking man of thirty stood in in dock for the first time, charged with obtaining about two pounds worth of goods by false pretences. As one looked at him one felt there must be some better explanation of his conduct than he chose to offer.

It turned out that his wife was to blame. Sentence of three months' imprisonment utterly ruined him. Returning home on release, he found that his wife had gone off with another man. Instead of attempting to settle in honest employment afresh, he took to living on his wits, and was soon arrested on a new charge of false pretences which earned him a second term of imprisonment.

THUS began a monotonous series of sentences to hard labour, varied at last by a term of penal servitude, from which he came to me as impossible a person to help as any I have known. Not that he was ungrateful for the interest I endeavoured to show in him. I shall not soon forget the grip of his hand as he said, "Don't worry over such as me; look after beginners. If I'd had a chance after my first offence I'd have made good; it is too late now."

Another man I have known served sentence after sentence, three, five and twenty years, went to a month's imprisonment on his first appearance before a Bench. He had been concerned with older men in stealing from railway drays. The effect of that first sentence was to drive him into closer association with thieves.

HIS home being a melancholy place in a squalid court, the obvious remedy was to remove him to a more wholesome environment, so I got a ganger to give him work as a navvy far away in a country place. He did well for two months, then took it into his head that all the other navvies knew he had been in prison.

After that it was not long before I met him again in his old haunts. When I lectured him for throwing up a situation in which I had hoped he would forget the miserable past, he answered, "I couldn't stick it, sir. I tried my best. But they started turning their noses up at me. So I bunked."

Try as I would to persuade him that his suspicions were quite groundless, I could never get him to go back, though the job was left open for him three months. Mingling with old associates he was soon in trouble.

Mr ROBERT HOLMES.
(Author of "Them that Fall")

Not that he ever deliberately planned to go wrong. "I've never had no chance, sir," he told me once, bitterly, "and I never shall have no chance. Believe me or believe me not, I've prayed my heart out in prison many a time. But it's done no good. God always seems to say, 'I'm sorry for you, my man, but you've repented too late. The law must take its course.'"

HOW poignantly the poor wretch summed up the cause of hundreds continuing in wrong-doing! The worst things that human beings have ever done they did because they thought there was no room for repentance left for them; and so they grew reckless. It is time that we took in this illuminating fact, and acted upon it by showing mercy to the uttermost.

But there is another and more fearful risk in hurrying a first offender to prison. We are none of us infallible. There is always the possibility of mistake notwithstanding the most scrupulous care on the part of magistrates. Not often, but now and then, I have known the guiltless made to bear the punishment of the guilty.

No doubt somebody had stolen large sums of money when, early this year, a young woman of respectable parentage and, up to that moment, of unblemished character, was put upon her trial as the culprit.

The evidence against her seemed so overwhelming that her legal adviser turned a deaf ear to her protestations of innocence. Believing that her previous good character would weigh with magistrates, notwithstanding the serious sum involved in the charge, he urged her to plead guilty, thus making it possible for the case to be dealt with in a petty court where the Probation of Offenders Act was much used when offenders were women or girls.

SHE accepted the advice most reluctantly. On the night before the trial she went to a friend whom she besought to go to her widowed mother should she not find that mercy which her solicitor promised, and assure her once again of her innocence.

The court sentenced the poor girl to six months' imprisonment. In hospital for the larger portion of the term, when released she was half dead. Carried to bed on reaching home, and lying in a condition which the doctors described as highly critical, she asked her broken-hearted mother in a whisper, "You'll never believe I took the money, whatever happens, will you, mother?"

THERE is no occasion to tell the mother's reply. True, a mother's confidence in the word of her own child may perhaps be counted natural but unconvincing. Yet what shall we say of a neighbour of good social standing who has known the family intimately for many years?

"I saw the girl almost every day," this excellent woman told me lately. "If she really took all that money I could not have failed to notice some change. But there was absolutely none. Both mother and daughter dressed just as usual and lived just as usual. I don't believe they spent a penny more than they've been in the habit of spending since the father died—and that's little enough, poor things! Unless she tells me she's guilty with her own lips, I'll never be persuaded that an innocent girl has not been sent to prison—no, no, not to my dying day!"

Better release a hundred on probation who deserve to go to prison than run the risk of marring one life so grievously by a miscarriage of justice, always possible, though, God be thanked! not common here in England.

Robert Holmes

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. D. LLOYD GEORGE, O.M., M.P., 20, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, S.W.

SIR,—You have come back from America festooned with laurels, and the flattery of two continents has fortunately not turned your head. A word of warning as to a greater danger that awaits you. As we foretold a fortnight ago, the Rothermere Press, formerly your relentless critic, is being tuned up to broadcast your praises. Don't allow yourself to become the pawn in any man's game. Don't add to the dangerous power of Lord Rothermere by giving him any political influence or importance. JOHN BULL.

To Sir ROBERT WALLACE, K.C., London Session House.

YOUR HONOUR,—You are quite right to order a juryman out of the box when in a case before you he raised a question of racial colour. Where British law is concerned there is no colour bar, but it might do no harm to tell some of the parasitical black men who have lately come to live in the Tottenham Court Road district that their privilege to live here is entirely dependent upon good conduct. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, K.G., Colonial Office.

YOUR GRACE,—A few months ago I drew your attention to the scandalous treatment of Moller and Co., Ltd., of Shanghai. Their steamers were commandeered for war and used to trade for profit. The firm was ruined. It lost a quarter of a million. Its employees were turned on the street. It took action for damages. The Hong Kong Government asked it to stay its hand and then passed an act making damages unavailable It may be Hong Kong justice; it is not British justice. Your Grace—see fair play. You believe in it yourself. So do I. JOHN BULL.

To HENRY S. HORNE, Esq., London Stock Exchange.

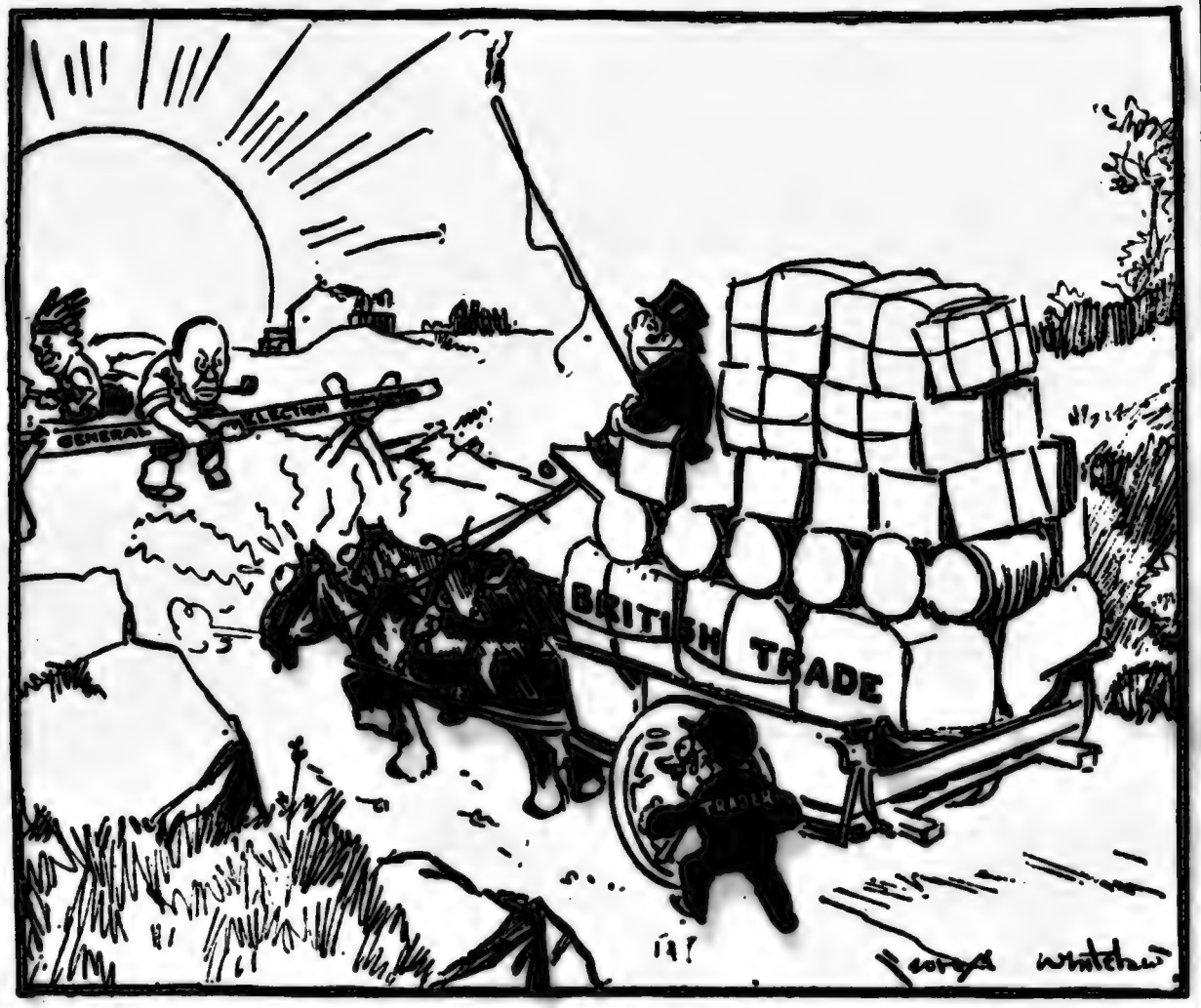
SIR,—If it is true that you have got control of the cement trust, you have got control of a great opportunity. The people of this country are short of houses, because the cost of building is too high. Cement is one of the chief ingredients. Bring down its price. This will be wise as well as patriotic, because if trusts are going to flourish at the expense of the people, the people will set about the trusts. JOHN BULL.

To Alderman Sir DAVID BURNETT, Mansion House.

SIR,—When an old man of nearly ninety stood before you in the dock, he pointed out to you that nearly sixty years ago he commenced a career, half of which he spent in jail, by getting seven years' penal servitude for his first offence of larceny. As you say, "No one would get such a first sentence now." To-day we send boys to Borstal instead. In the future that will be regarded as nearly as bad. You ought to be on the much-needed committee of inquiry into our reformatory system. JOHN BULL.

To the SECRETARY, Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain.

SIR,—A report of the Deptford Council states that out of twelve prescriptions made up by panel chemists and subsequently analysed, five were found to be unsatisfactory. In one case a certain important drug was deficient by seventy-five per cent. This is a grave scandal, and a wicked fleecing of the poor, who in these days of unemployment and reduced vitality, are having such a hard struggle to live. I suggest that your society take steps to deal with this matter and set it right. JOHN BULL.



DON'T STOP THE VAN ON THE HILL!

To the Rt. Hon. Sir WM. JOYNSON-HICKS, M.P., Minister of Health.

SIR,—Certain coroners are adopting the highly reprehensible practice of not holding inquests upon patients who die under anæsthetics during an operation if they are assured that the patient was previously examined. There has been a disquieting increase in the number of deaths in these circumstances. The function of a coroner is to protect the public. It is only by inquiry into all such cases that we can be sure that operations before medical students in our hospitals are imperatively necessary and conducted with the utmost care and skill. In this matter you are the guardian of the poor. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. W. J. L. FORD, Vicar of St. Stephen's Worcester.

REVEREND SIR,—Owing to your refusal to officiate at the funeral of the late Mrs. Carter, who was found dead in Perdiswell Street, an undertaker had to rush hither and thither at the last moment seeking the services of a minister. Do you consider such an attitude in the presence of death and sorrow is in keeping with your sacred calling? One wonders what would have happened had not a Nonconformist divine undertaken the duty. I don't know if you regard your Christianity as being of a higher order than his, but I must confess his seems to be of more service to humanity. JOHN BULL.

To Miss NORAH HALL, Wellowgate, Grimsby.

DEAR NORAH,—You are only twelve years of age, but you have set a wonderful example in courage and devotion. When a fire broke out in your mother's house, and the flames and fumes were so dense that she had to be conveyed out through a bedroom window, unconscious, you stuck to your post and would not leave until you had shown the firemen where all your little brothers and sisters were. It was through your pluck that these five little mites were saved from a hideous death. Well done, little maid! England need fear nothing while she bears such brave "little mothers" as you. JOHN BULL.

To Sir H. D. ROLLESTON, K.C.B., President, the Royal College of Physicians.

SIR,—On behalf of suffering humanity, I call your attention to an article on the science of medicine by Mr. Raphael Roche in this month's *Cornhill* magazine. He says that you are self-confessed failures in your efforts to counteract disease and that there will be no progress in medicine until you study drug-action. Mr. Roche claims to have cured cancer and a dozen other hideous ailments which physicians say are incurable. It is clearly your duty to take up his challenge. People are getting tired of your everlasting search for the cause of disease. It is time you turned your attention to its cure.

JOHN BULL.

To PRINCE HOPKINS, Esq., American Millionaire, Savoy Hotel.

SIR,—Millionaires are not always so candid as you are. You are certainly right when you say that many millionaires are not worth the millions they possess, and that the people who should be plutocrats are people like Pasteur and Edison. It is rather hard to leave out Henry Ford, but he would spoil your argument. However, you are setting an example to your class, giving away half your income, working eighteen hours a day, except when your wife butts in, and spending most of that time talking Socialism. I do not expect a queue of millionaires to follow your example. But don't be so despondent about the British Empire. It will last your time in any case.

JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

SLAVES OF THE POLITICIANS

For Valour!

SIX years ago the Empire rang with the valour of Jack Cornwell, the splendid boy-hero of the Battle of Jutland, who, faithful unto death, had won the Victoria Cross. Now the sister of this brave boy has sailed for Canada, because, with all the pluck that is in her blood, she cannot earn a living in her native land.

The treatment accorded to Lily Cornwell is a blot and a disgrace upon our honour. First her father, then her brother, died for England. How were these sacrifices repaid?

It may be said that the intentions of the public were good; in memory of Jack Cornwell £35,000 was subscribed to the Red Cross Fund and a further sum of £6,000 collected by a local committee at East Ham. But by some amazing stupidity this money was hoarded instead of being allowed to relieve the family, who were in desperate need.

First the dead boy's mother, worn out by the unequal struggle with adversity, died in abject poverty; now the sister, weary of the fight she has waged for the last five years, shakes the dust of the Old Country off her feet and goes to seek her fortune overseas. Meanwhile the large sums subscribed by the British public are kept safely "in hand," some day to be used, it is said, for the erection of a public building in honour of the dead hero.

A little practical kindness to his mother and sister would have been more in keeping with the great spirit in which he died.

Chasing the Deer

ONCE more we have to protest against the cruelty which masquerades as sport. The hunting of a tame stag, carried in a waggon to the place of execution, and there released in the sight of the dogs for its short run for life, is surely not sport at all, but detestable cruelty. The idea of a tame deer, one of the most gentle and beautiful of animals, being treated in this inhuman manner must revolt all but the coarsest minds.

As a rule the British public is extremely sensitive to cruelty, and within the past few months there has been a vigorous demand for the sterner punishment of miscreants caught torturing dumb creatures

Only in the realm of sport so-called do we find a singular obtuseness to the sufferings of the lower animals.

Yet surely a dividing line can be drawn between sport in the true sense and the mere baiting of animals that have no chance of escape.

If people must hunt deer let them at least go to the Highlands where the stag has a sporting chance, and give up this miserable substitute for the real game, which is as cowardly as it is cruel.

And Servants Who Become Masters!

INSTEAD of making our representatives do what we want them to do, we careless British people allow ourselves to be hypnotised by the politicians. The coming Election gives us a chance of throwing over the dead-heads

IT is anticipated that before these lines appear we shall have definite news as to the date of the General Election. The country demands this knowledge. Suspense and uncertainty are the paralysis of trade.

The present political chaos means that what little trade we have left is fast going to the dogs. The business community is fumbling in the dark. The prudent capitalist will not venture a step forward till he knows what the future conditions of industry are to be, whether Protection or Free Trade is to be the national policy, and how any proposed system of tariffs will affect his markets.

Such caution is natural, but unfortunately while Capital hesitates, Labour will starve. Millions already are feeling the pinch of hunger.

FOR the party aspects of the coming electoral fight we do not care a brass farthing. Measures are more than men, policies than personalities. Certain things the country wants done—and done quickly; and it does not care very much who does them. The rival firms of Baldwin, Chamberlain and Co., Asquith, Simon and Co., and MacDonald, Clynes and Co. may shout themselves hoarse at the hustings: the plain voter will be impatient of the old clap-trap methods and will pin the rival politicians down to the essentials of a true national programme.

The General Election is a great opportunity for the workingman and his workless mates to strike a blow in their own cause, and for the women who as wives and mothers, if not as independent workers, have precious interests at stake, to give the politicians a taste of their true mettle. Here are the heads of a genuine national programme to which candidates for all parties should be asked to subscribe.

THE things we want are:—

An end to the interminable wrangle over Reparations and a prompt settlement on pro-British lines which, while recognising our just claim to Reparations at the hands of Germany, will point the way to a real reconciliation between Great Britain and her late enemies and the resumption of trade with Central Europe and Russia.

An all-round settlement of inter-allied debts, and a general reopening of international trade. The abolition of invidious class distinctions and equality of opportunity for all men and women of British birth.

The clearing up of the housing muddle, and a hopeful beginning in the rehousing of the people, the first step towards which is to smash the Building Rings.

A sane policy in regard to unemployment, the aim being to ensure steady employment at decent wages for all who are willing to work.

AND there are certain things which the sober sense of the British electors will not have:—

No increase of Taxation. No Taxes upon Food.

No Government waste or extravagance. No Capital Levy.

The Capital Levy on the one hand, and Food Taxes on the other, are opposed to the solid interests of the working-man The place for capital is in the live channels of commerce, not in the coffers of the Exchequer.

If any one of the great political parties would adopt the above programme in its entirety, it would sweep the country at the polls.

Victims of Shylock

WE demand an amendment of the Law of Usury. It is surely an appalling state of the law which permits a moneylender to charge what he likes, even up to 700 or 800 per cent., as interest on a loan. In such cases the word "interest," a decent commercial term, is out of place; it is sheer blood-sucking usury.

True, judges have the power to reopen these contracts, and if their terms are "hard and unconscionable" to set them aside, but long before a case gets to the Courts the hapless debtor may have been driven mad with despair.

Within the last few months several deliberate suicides have been traced to the panic of timid minds faced with the iron demands of these modern Shylocks whose trail is strewn with ruined lives. It seems that this type of moneylender has no soul and no conscience. The secrecy of his operations acts as a shelter for his evil greed, and too often it is only when tragedy has torn aside the veil that the merciless bond is disclosed.

This ought not to be so. The law should be amended in such a way as to compel registered moneylenders publicly to state their terms of business, not as at present with tongue in cheek, but truthfully, under severe penalties. If necessary the Board of Trade or some other department should be given authority to control their operations and check any tendency to usurious excess.

The Silver Lining

IT may be because the dark days have come, and human vitality is at its winter ebb; but in some quarters we notice a return to that dreary pessimism which has been the curse of the after-War years.

Well, it simply won't do. The world is full of troubles and most of us have our own private cares to add to the general sum of anxiety, but there is nothing whatever to be gained by pulling long faces and behaving generally like mutes at a funeral.

There used to be a patent medicine advertisement which in parenthesis enjoined its readers to try the effect of a smile. It was magical. The advertisement had to be withdrawn, or soon there would have been no further demand for the medicine.

It was the ability to smile in all weathers and in the teeth of every hardship and disappointment that enabled Tommy Atkins to win the War. Not all our heroes had read their Stevenson, but they knew better than to "walk among their race and show no glorious morning face."

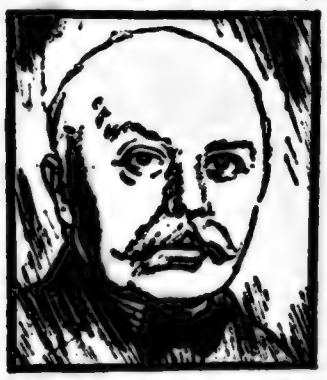
Our stay-at-home croakers will have to learn the same lesson if we are ever going to get back to peace and prosperity.

The Devil's Highway

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.)

THE very centre of the British Empire, notorious all the world over, is also a sink of iniquity! That is the startling assertion of our contributor, who would like to see vice swept away from every quarter of every city in the world.



Rt. Hon. W. C. Bridgeman, the Home Secretary, whose attention is drawn to some appalling conditions.

WHILE the Prime Ministers from Overseas discuss the great question of developing the British Empire, their wives go shopping through the London streets, enter into the domestic life of English society, and breathe the homely air of that moral, intellectual, and æsthetic atmosphere in which British civilisation struggles for existence.

What do these ladies think of us? What news will they take back to their friends in Canada, Australasia, and South Africa? We may be sure they will not talk about tariffs and reparations. But what will they talk about? About Westminster Abbey, the Tower of London, the British Museum, the National Gallery? Not very much. About the King and Queen, about dukes and duchesses, about grand dinner-parties, brilliant dances, and charming week-ends in beautiful country houses? Yes, a good deal about these matters.

And these matters are important. Do not let us dismiss them lightly. They have their part in unifying the British spirit. There is not a duchess in London who may not help the British Empire by the charm and graciousness of her hospitality. The spirit of an English home may travel far afield in our commonwealth of free nations. Even a social fashion, a way of doing social things, may act as tangibly for imperial unity as the beauty of the Queen or the smile of the Prince of Wales.

BUT the ladies from the Dominions are not always the guests of aristocracy. There are times when they welcome privacy. There are opportunities, which they take hold of with gratitude, to go about London and see things for themselves. They read our newspapers. Among the people they meet in ones and twos, and over the confidence of their own teacups, are philanthropists and reformers who know the true state of the country and who do not talk about an Empire on which the sun never sets, but about slums into which the sun never enters; not about an imperial and colonising race, but about rickety babies and a C3 population. From people such as these, and from their own observation in the London streets, the ladies of our Dominions will take back with them much information which is not to our credit.

LET us look at one matter which must hit them hard in the face. London is the centre of the greatest Empire in the history of mankind. By universal consent the neighbourhood of Piccadilly is the centre of that centre. Every visitor to London makes his way to Piccadilly Circus, and when there stands at the very centre of the greatest city in the greatest Empire of the world. When our soldiers went to the War they sang no high-flown *Marseillaise*, no passionate song of England's greatness, but bade farewell, a pathetic and dreary farewell, to Piccadilly and Leicester Square. "Good-bye, Piccadilly; farewell, Leicester Square!" It was all they knew of the grandeurs of civilisation. What a comment on our system of education, what a satire on our moral and political idealism!

Does it strike anyone that Piccadilly Circus is a worthy centre of an Empire founded on the noblest moral and political ideals of the human race? Is it a place in which one thinks of Cromwell and his immortal Ironsides, of Pym and Hampden, of the great Lord Chatham, of David Livingstone, of Lord Lawrence, of Robert Clive, of Shakespeare, Milton, Isaac Newton, and Dr. Johnson? Has it any significance at all for those who love the great name of England, and who have been brought up, as Ambassador Page wanted every English-speaking child throughout the whole world to be brought up, "in the knowledge of English history and in the awe of English literature"?

ON the contrary, is not this centre of the British Empire a sordid place of disgusting evil, an evil which would not be tolerated in the High Street of any market-town, or at the darkest corner of any country village?

Vice of a loathsome order is likely to exist for many years. Humanity is only at the beginning of a true civilisation. He who expects decency of the human race in the present low state of the human mind is a dreamer. But that flagrant indecency and audacious crime should take possession of the very centre of the British Empire, and there, unmolested by the police and tolerated by public opinion, should flout their filthiness and illegality in the face of the world, this surely is neither necessary nor wise.

I have always understood from the heads of the police that they possess the power to clear the central streets of London of this traffic, which disgraces us in the eyes of all mankind. No Act of Parliament is necessary. The word of the Home Secretary would suffice. The present Home Secretary, Mr. William Bridgeman, is a man of high character, an excellent example of the educated and clean-minded Englishman; few men in the House of Commons are able, without offence, to speak plainer words of truth to the Labour Party. No man could dream of challenging either his honour or his courage.

I suggest to him that he is the very man who should speak the word for which the police are waiting. Here is the opportunity for an administrative act that would give vitality and encouragement to the noblest forces in English civilisation. It would restore to us a useful feeling of self-respect, bring home to us the knowledge that we are charged with a civilising mission of the highest importance.

At any rate let us feel that the centre of the Empire is not a sewer. Let us make it plain that the headquarters of London are not a devil's kitchen for harlots and pimps, for thieves and bullies, for degenerate boys and every infamous merchant of pornography. Let us deal with this moral beastliness at the heart of the Empire as a physician deals with the microbes of disease or the surgeon with a malignant growth. Let us move our manure-heap from the front door of the British Empire.

VICE may still prey upon the progress of the human race; but let it not presume to flaunt its hideous defiance of purity and all moral idealism at the very centre of our Imperial capital. We need not pretend to be better than we are; but we should at least see that our worst elements do not convey to the Dominions and to foreign nations an impression which most grossly libels the sense of cleanliness and self-respect which characterises the average Englishman.

"In this age of international competition we should pay attention to the breeding of British children."

The Crime of

Lord Dawson of Penn, the famous physician and advocate of birth control.

A MISCREANT with a wife and nine children to keep on a wage of £2 a week was summoned at West Hartlepool recently to answer a charge of failing to pay his rates. The collector seemed inclined to sympathise with the transgressor and muttered expressions of surprise that eleven human beings should have been able even to exist on such an income.

But the Chairman of the Bench, with a proper sense of the sanctity of legal obligations, quickly restored the judicial equilibrium with the stern pronouncement that the parents "ought to be fined for having such a large family." A wise and righteous judge! A Daniel come to judgment!

The first and most essential duty of man, he sagely implies, is to pay rates. Promptings of human nature which obstruct this supreme call must be suppressed. If a man fails, he should be fined.

And if a fine fails to stimulate his conscience to correct apprehension of right and wrong, or if the clamorous needs of his too plural progeny prevent prompt payment, the recklessly redundant parent ought to be consigned—one logically infers—to durance vile in dungeons deep and dire. Such is the moral lesson implied in the dictum of the Chairman of the West Hartlepool Bench.

But if this pronouncement represents the legal view, why are writers and publishers prosecuted for distributing advice on birth control?

The great mass of the population, lacking frank guidance from their spiritual advisers, derive furtive, shamefaced knowledge of the essential facts from deliberately obscene exhibits in shady shops, and regard the mere discussion of birth control as opposed to decency, morality and religion. And then a representative of the Law

Work for All To-morrow

by A. G. GARDINER

ONCE when the people cried aloud for bread they were offered cakes. Now when our unemployed crave work they are put off with the circus entertainment of a General Election. Here the writer points to some of the channels through which our lost trade could be recovered.

WHAT Carlyle called the Talking Shop at Westminster has resumed business. It is to be a great season, ending possibly in something like a fireworks display in the country. That at all events is the forecast. A four or five weeks' session to get up steam, a pause for Christmas carols and plum pudding, and then a general election. So ends "Tranquillity." Why?

The answer can be put in one word. Unemployment. That is the spectre in our midst, the skeleton at our feast, the shadow that darkens our sky. How to get rid of it? How to stop this creeping paralysis that is sapping our life? A year ago the blessed word "Tranquillity" was offered as the answer. Not Tranquillity, but Protection is now the blessed word.

AND so we are to have a great battle, with the Conservatives mobilised under the old banner of "Tariff Reform means work for all," the Liberals under the banner of Free Trade *plus* Land Reform and Labour under the banner of Free Trade *plus* Socialism.

Now, I am not going to argue this issue here. My views on that issue are familiar, for what they are worth; but I do not think it is relevant to the real problem before us. That problem is how we are to stop the rot and get the unemployed to work—not to work on "relief" jobs, but to work on profitable labour; not to work years hence, but to work now. Free Trade alone cannot do it; Protection cannot do it; Socialism cannot do it. What then can do it?

Let us first ask ourselves the cause of the paralysis. Why are we now entering on the fourth winter of unemployment? The answer, of course, is bad trade. The great staple industries of this country—cotton, wool, shipbuilding, engineering—are stagnant because the world system of exchange has broken down. Our customers are ruined and cannot buy from us. We want their trade and they want our goods, but we have lost the medium of exchange. And so they are ragged and starved and we are unemployed.

WE are like two shipwrecked mariners on two spits of land with the seas between. One has food and the other has water; neither has both. They need each other's help and commodities. But they have no boat. They cannot trade. The one cannot exchange his surplus food for the other's surplus water, and both languish and perish in isolation. That is a rough illustration of the position of the world to-day. We are all suffering because we cannot trade freely with one another, relieve one another's necessities, keep one another employed. That is the root of the mischief, and that is why I say that Protection, Free Trade and Socialism are irrelevant to the problem.

"Tranquillity" was mere soothing syrup. It has failed. Protection is a red herring across the scent. It will fail. It may win the election: it will fail to cure the evil. *The more you encourage the producer to rely on the exploitation of the home consumer, the more unemployment you will have.* Nor will Free Trade cure the evil; nor Socialism; nor land reform. Whatever the merits of these things—and I am prepared to discuss them if the Editor wishes—they are irrelevant to the issue.

In a word, we are going to have a sham fight. The people, wanting work, are to be given a circus.

I should like the people to reject this trick and bring all parties up against hard realities. Let me illustrate what I mean. I met a few days ago a Russian who is in this country endeavouring to re-establish trade relations between us and Russia. The needs of Russia are beyond all calculation. It wants hundreds of millions worth of steel rails, steam engines, looms, spindles, motor-tractors, machines, manufactures, clothes, fitments, everything we produce. It is famine stricken for manufactured materials. If we could have the task of feeding that famine there would be such a roaring activity in our industries as we have not seen for years. Unemployment would vanish before it. The whole outlook of the country would change—not for a spasm, but for a generation, for this enormous hunger will take years to satisfy.

Mr A. G. Gardiner, who explains how the unemployment problem can be solved at once.

WHY is this trade not being done? It is not because Russia cannot pay. She has the enormous riches of her fields, forests and mines to pay with. She can exchange her raw materials which we want, for our manufactured goods which she wants. The only thing that is needed to start the shuttle of trade rushing to and fro between the two countries is credit. The credit is in our hands. With a tithe of the vast sums we are spending in the relief of unemployment we could set the engine of trade going at high pressure. Our bills on Russia would be met by the supply of Russian corn and timber here and elsewhere.

But the credit that will work this miracle is withheld. Why? Because our Government will not recognise Russia, and because until the Government gives that recognition the financiers will not take the risk. And so Russia remains famine-stricken, and our workpeople stand idle in the streets waiting for work.

What is the sense of talking about putting a tax on tinned salmon and currants and similar trifles while this enormous insanity continues? What we want is trade. *And we are deliberately forbidding trade.* We are, by the act of our own Government, cutting off the trade that is open to us with 130,000,000 people—ten times more than all the white people in all the overseas dominions, Canada, Australia, South Africa included.

THAT is the case of Russia alone. But there is all Central Europe as well. Poincaré has killed our trade there, and until we have a Government with a policy which will mobilise the world against that wrecker of its peace and prosperity, our market with Central Europe will remain closed.

If the Government plunge us in a futile election on the sham issue of tariffs, let them be challenged as to why they refuse to let us trade with Russia. Let us thrust aside the tinned salmon stunt. Let us demand from every party a declaration that it will lift this strangle-hold on British industry. "Trade with Russia" should be the cry raised wherever the Tariff Circus appears. Until the unemployed thrust this cry down the throats of politicians they will never find work, no matter how much their tinned salmon costs them.

Having Children

by ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON

rises up in his rostrum and flouts their pious scruples by telling them they ought to be fined for having too many babies!

No wonder the people are puzzled and bewildered. It is quite true that a man who can only earn two pounds a week ought not to undertake the responsibility, in these hard times, of bringing up, feeding and educating nine children. But the poor chap should have been told this before the babies came, and not outraged, now that their little hands have been taught to tug at his heartstrings, with the brutal reproach that he ought to be punished for bringing them into the world.

A demobilised officer of scanty means has told me of the trouble he experienced after the war in finding house-room for his bairns. "For over four years," he said, "we fellows stood the racket of the trenches in order that England might be safe. On the worst days it was our comfort to think of the peaceful days to come when, if we had the luck to pull through, we would collect the dear girl and the kids and set up the happy home. In my innocence *I had actually planned a nursery for the nippers!* When we were demobbed I found it impossible to get any kind of house at a price I could afford, and I had begun to wonder whether I could get so much as a decent coal-hole before I found a landlady who would let furnished rooms to a married couple with children!"

That is another aspect of the problem, and a very common one. Innumerable preachers and teachers eternally cry that the worst threat to our national existence is race suicide. But no voice is raised on high to denounce this chronic and damnable deterrent to the legitimate fulfilment of the purpose of marriage by potential parents with health, means and desire to raise a reasonable number of healthy children.

We are a happy-go-lucky people and we have contrived to "pull through" many troubles and difficulties. But it really might be worth while to pay as much attention to the breeding of British children as we do the breeding of—for instance—dogs.

The Ills of the Fathers

by JOHN POINT.

IN a recent issue of JOHN BULL, "A Gentleman with a Duster" dealt with Dr. Hauswith's suggestion to the Medical Council at Geneva that incurable invalids should be put to death. Naturally the Berne physician's proposal met with a more or less hostile reception.

Would it not be better to start at the other end and make it a punishable offence for married persons suffering from an incurable disease to beget children? Ought it not to be a punishable offence, too, for persons suffering from an incurable disease to marry at all?

To kill incurable invalids may be humane, but you can never stamp out disease that way. Admitting that a certain proportion of people contract an incurable disease during their lifetime, a very high percentage of sufferers inherit it from their parents.

A CASE came before a certain court a short time ago in which a person sought an ejectment order against a man, his wife, and five children—all living in one room. The father and three of the children were consumptive and the mother was expecting an addition to the family. I quite agree that it is a scandal, and a reflection on the civilisation of to-day, that seven persons should be forced to live in one room, but how far the conditions of their existence are responsible for the consumption I do not know.

The point I am here concerned about is that these parents continue to have children who can scarcely be other than diseased, and in any case can be brought up only in such circumstances that even if they are not diseased at birth the chances are that they very soon will be.

Would any sane breeder of horses, dogs, cats, or any other animal, knowingly mate two animals, one of which was diseased? The successful animal breeder endeavours to improve the strain by careful selection of the parents, and if by any chance some of the offspring are weak and sickly, he immediately destroys them.

WHEN we come to think of it it is rather astonishing that people will go to any amount of trouble and restraint in order to breed healthy animals, yet with apparent unconcern they beget children with the knowledge that the chances are a hundred to one that those children will either be diseased or at best be delicate.

Is this right?

I maintain that the only sane, the only just and humane course, and the only safe one for the State to pursue, is for persons suffering from an incurable disease not to marry, or, having developed such a disease after marriage to cease having any more children. As people will not apparently do this from their own common sense and justice, their action should be made a punishable offence against the State.

The Great 'Daily Mail' Joke

by MELBOURNE GARAHAN *(Author of "A Going Concern," etc.)*

Mr. Melbourne Garahan.

AFTER searching all over England I have found one man who entirely agrees with Lord Rothermere.

Brought in touch every week with some fifty bank managers, solicitors and accountants, I have unique opportunities for sounding public opinion, and lately—having read the absurdities of the *Daily Mail*—I have talked about this paper and its owner whenever opportunity has offered.

For months I have heard it called anti-British. It is usually dismissed as a joke—sometimes in anger and at other times in sorrow. Men explain that Lord Rothermere is a one-idea man.

NATURALLY I know hundreds of people who sympathise with the declared aims and ideals of France—I do so myself—but I had yet to discover an individual who "backed every word written by Lord Rothermere," especially when it became obvious that the declared were not the real aims of our recent ally.

That one man was an active honest supporter and is far more easily dealt with than the great herd of passive supporters. I found men furious with indignation when Lord Rothermere, in a recent leader, reminded us that we must not express our opinion about the Ruhr solely because France had long-range guns that could reach London, and an air force immeasurably superior to ours.

To every real Briton this was sheer treachery. Never yet has Britain cowered—and she never will. But every one of these patriots had bought a copy of the *Daily Mail*, and does so every day.

Recently I spent two months on the Continent. There nobody would believe my declaration that the *Daily Mail* was only an amusement to Britishers.

From whence its immense circulation? Has not its proprietor been honoured by the King and made a Peer of the Realm?

By buying a paper whose views he considers are anti-British, a man does a great disservice to his country. Its circulation gives it an apparent importance out of all proportion to its real influence. *We* may not be misled, but foreigners are hopelessly misled. A nation, like a man, is judged by the papers it reads—and how are foreigners to know that we only read to sneer at the *Mail*?

The Ruhr! Corfu! Lord Rothermere alone in Britain "took his hat off" in support of these episodes, and it is safe to declare that had it not been for his evil influence—by misrepresenting Britain to the world—the state of Europe to-day would have been vastly more satisfactory than it is.

ALONE in Britain, alone in the world, except in France itself, Rothermere runs the "Hats off to France whatever she does" stunt.

Write a letter to the Rothermere Press disagreeing with its views or pointing out errors. Will it be published? Of course not. Rothermere is a stunt monger, and at present his one idea is to write for foreigners, and there is not a glimmer of patriotism in his articles.

At any moment he may decide to run a stunt of "Hats off" to Siam, to the Klu Klux Klan, to Lord Rothermere. We may buy the papers and just laugh at the nonsense served up, but the foreigner will not do so. And this peril is greatly increased by Lord Rothermere's obvious determination to buy up and control the greater part of our Press.

WHAT can we do to protect ourselves? We can write in and protest even though we know that Rothermere the Infallible and Unteachable is behind the scene. Our letters will go straight into the waste-paper basket and the Rothermere Frenzy will be doubled. We can write to other papers, but not for long, for soon this octopus of the Press will be in supreme control.

There is only one way to deal with this menace. The apparent influence of the Rothermere Press must be reduced to the dimensions of its real influence and that can only be done by reducing its number of readers. It is nothing short of treachery to support a paper whose political stunts are in your opinion contrary to the best interests of the country.

Has Woman Failed?

by ELIZABETH MURRAY SHEPHERD

Elisabeth Murray Shepherd.

IN vain one searches the newspapers for women's meetings, for a woman's programme, in this welter of world distress. Women must get together and make felt their influence for good.

Woman has been altruistic from the beginning—without it she would be incapable of bringing life into the world, and sacrificing her health, her ambitions, and her beauty. We are spending much time on woman's equality in divorce, on woman's citizenship under marriage to a foreigner, on equal guardianship of children, equal qualifications for voting; but what are we doing on the vital, world-wide questions of peace, of cheap food, of taxation and of the election of representatives in all departments of government, who shall possess vision, and faith in its fulfilment?

ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI, the well-known writer, has published a diatribe on woman suffrage which, in the United States, would be printed only on the funny page of a newspaper.

He calls passionately for a "Masculine Renaissance" in which the weak-minded virtues forced upon the men by "meddling" women would be banished, and "naturally inferior" women would be ousted from any show of equality whatever.

Back to Methuselah? Why stop there? Why not go on to the age of goat-skins and damp, dark cave-mansions? The writer evidently has no belief in any contribution by woman to civilisation or progress.

HE seems to think that only the "ability" and "desire" of the women to vote should have justified their being taken into the fold of citizenship. All the leading women speakers I have heard founded their arguments upon the *justice* of equal political rights—the legal phase of the question. Many men, however, dwelt upon the benefits to the world from woman suffrage.

In the hearts of the women that was the chief reason of their desire for power. Theirs was not a selfish aim. They wished to elevate the race, they wished to relieve distressed humanity.

The high point of emotionalism could not be maintained permanently. Nor was it to be expected that it could be caught and held by the great majority of the women voters. But has it not died out of the hearts of the leaders?

But where is the large view of war-days? Where that ecstasy of self-sacrifice upon the altar of an ideal? Women seem to forget that we now have a new yard-stick. Public affairs must pass through a new acid test—the test of greatness—or altruism. Women have discarded their high-heeled little Paris slippers, and have put on the seven-leagued boots of world-interests.

But why are they so silent? Are they like the bride, who, having captured a husband, slinks down into a soiled wrapper and curl-papers? Her fight has just begun. I refer here to both the wife and the new voter. If the husband and the vote are worth while, you must battle for them, or the divorce court and national disintegration will get you.

Women, so sympathetic to distress, are standing idle while babies go hungry, while cotton spindles cease their whirring, while the idle accumulate, and pensions push the Government to the brink of bankruptcy.

The "Cold Snap" is sure to come.

Don't be a last minute Overcoat buyer. The man who rushes into a store at the eleventh hour and puts down his cash for an "anything will do" overcoat often lives to regret it.

Wherever you reside we undertake to fit you perfectly.

A £4-4-0 PURE WOOL OVERCOAT

TO MEASURE

FOR £2-0-0

"WARMTH WITHOUT WEIGHT."

STEPHEN DONOGHUE,
The World-Famous Jockey,
Dressed by BARRY.
(Photo by Press and Publicity Photographic Co.)

The Barry Service offers you all the facilities of the high-grade Bespoke Tailor's establishment, and brings these facilities to you right in your own home. An unparalleled array of new Winter cloths in Fleeces, Naps, Angolas, Cheviots, Meltons, Serges, Tweeds, Worsteds and Vicunas are yours to choose among.

The most up-to-date collection of Tailors' fashions are comprised in the Barry Fashion Brochure, in which you will be able to inspect, not only mere pen-and-ink illustrations, but the photographs of Barry clients wearing actual Barry Tailoring.

Possibly you do not need an overcoat or suit at the moment. No matter! Send for our patterns and booklet just the same and you will then know where to go when you are in need of new clothes. Once you have seen our patterns and read the striking testimony of our gratified clients, the question of your next tailor is never in doubt.

SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS.

A PURE WOOL SUIT to Measure for £2:0:0	The BARRICO Covert Coat to measure THE FINEST £3:5:0 RAINCOAT on the market Lined throughout.	100% Pure New Wool BLUE SERGE SUIT to Measure for £3:10:0

If you cannot call personally our SELF MEASURE CHART is unfailing. You take your measures in the privacy of your home, select your cloth from the lovely range of patterns we shall send you, choose your style from the big selection of fashions we submit—and in seven days you will receive your order carefully packed.

Sent Carriage Paid at our risk entirely.

FREE The Patterns, Fashion Plates, Measure Chart are yours for the asking. Send us a postcard forthwith, when they will be sent per return.

WRITE OR CALL.
Those calling may be measured in our Showrooms.

S. A. BARRY & Co

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EXCLUSIVELY MEASURE TAILORS.
(Near Moorgate Tram and Tube Terminus.)

Wrigley's does for teeth what brushing *cannot* do——

You know how important good teeth are to good health.

You have been told that brushing with this or that will save them. But you have found that brushing alone is not enough.

And now Science tells you why. A prominent dental surgeon, writing for the *Daily Express* of the 27th June, says:—

"To prevent the teeth decaying by cleanliness alone, the mouth would have to be constantly aseptic.

"As this is practically impossible, a small quantity of good chewing gum after a meal will induce a long-continued flow of saliva, most efficacious in destroying the numbers of tooth-destroying bacteria."

So now you have Wrigley's in a new rôle. You have thought of it as an inexpensive sweet that lasts a long time.

Now you know Wrigley's is a real aid to good health.

And saving teeth is not the only health value of Wrigley's. It is a real aid to digestion. So millions of people use it *after every meal.*

Give Wrigley's freely and regularly to the children. Their teeth are of great importance to future health.

WRIGLEY'S

CHEWING SWEETS

After every meal

Wrigley's Limited, 77-79 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

A high class cocoa at a popular price

ROVA COCOA

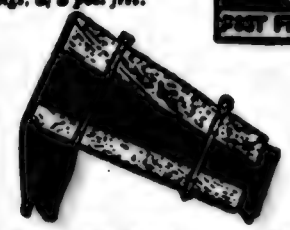
Made by Van Houten

5½d

per ¼ lb. tin.

A £2-2-0 Press for 6/6 POST FREE

Of polished wood and with enamelled metal fittings. If with nickel-plated fittings, 8/8 post free.



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Why not a Poll of the People?

by J. St. LOE STRACHEY (*Editor of the "Spectator"*)

UNDER our present system of Party Government there is always a risk of being ruled by the minority, the wishes of the people being defeated by the guile of their representatives. Here the writer propounds a simple plan by which questions of national importance will be dealt with, not merely by the politicians, but by the people themselves.

I CANNOT say exactly how John Bull wants to be governed; but I have a very shrewd suspicion that he wants, what I certainly want—that is to be governed by the Will of the Majority.

Yet John Bull at this moment is in real peril of being bridled, saddled, and ridden to death by a minority. Look at the facts. In the party system, as John Stuart Mill pointed out, there is always present a risk of minority rule.

A representative system, in which you have, as is now happening, triangular contests, may easily bring a man into Parliament, though he has only got a third plus one of the voters to support him. The two old parties in the State fight each other so hard, that the Socialist or the Communist, whose views are detested by both, slips in between them.

BUT there is another and even worse "snag" in our present system; and that is the growth of the groups. It looks very much as if, instead of having two big parties, we were going to have groups, partly composed of single fad men and partly of men who simply follow a particular leader, whatever his principles, and however often they are changed. Not only are there Unionists, Labour men, and Liberals, but Asquithians, Lloyd Georgeites, Trades Unionists, Socialists, and Communists, and there will soon probably be an Established Church group, a Nonconformist group, not to mention the Prohibitionist groups and Liquor Trade groups. We are also developing Unionist Free Traders and Liberal Protectionists.

In a Parliament with a set of groups such as these just named, minority rule, or, at any rate, minority legislation, is almost inevitable. Mr. Greattalk, the national-international peace-by-the-sword leader, may only head a party of, say, one hundred Members, but if he is an astute Parliamentarian, he may go round to the other group leaders and whisper to them, one by one: "Each of you men have got a log you want to roll, just as I have. But none of us are strong enough to roll our logs along. Suppose we join up and make a compact each to help the other to roll his log in turn? Then we can manage the trick nicely. We six groups counted together give a working majority of 50 votes. Let's do business then, and each get what we want by the help of the others."

"DONE!" say the other group leaders. They know that, except by some such arrangement, they have not the slightest chance of getting their fads for their followers or pleasing offices for themselves. The result may be a body of log-rolling legislation passed and administered with the whole weight of the British Government behind it. Yet not one of these legislative logs would have had the slightest chance if the will of the majority were to prevail. There are many other ways of stifling the voice of the majority, but these are enough.

NOW, I want to ask John Bull in plain terms what he is going to do about it. He will probably scratch his head, look black, and say: "Damn the politicians!" I agree; but damning or sulking is no good. Yet there is a perfectly plain, fair, easy, reasonable way of settling the matter, which will not produce a revolution, nor tear up our constitution, but just give it the little extra wheel it wants to prevent minority rule, and stop log-rolling.

The People must make the politicians hear and obey the master's voice. The instrument required is the Poll of the People or, as they call it in Switzerland, the Referendum. In Switzerland, if there is a doubt as to whether a proposed Bill is in accordance with the national will, it is referred to the people to veto it or pass it.

FOR example, if the people of this country really want to have a capital levy, of course they must have it. I believe it would be injurious in a high degree, but who am I that I should oppose the will of the majority? On the other hand, if the people do not want it, they ought to be able to turn it down, as they did in Switzerland recently by a huge popular vote, no matter how many groups clubbed together in Parliament to support it.

Why should we be ruined by a usurping minority? I may add that the Referendum is not a thing which exists merely in Switzerland. It exists in almost every State of the United States. None of the State Constitutions can be altered without the Act altering them being referred to the people, and in many cases there are whole subjects of legislation in which no alteration of the law can take place without a Poll of the People.

But of course no one suggests that forty million people can sit down and deliberate and draw up workable laws. The thrashing out of the details must always be left to the Parliament—that is, to the representatives. But when their work is done, if the result is, or looks uncommonly like, minority rule, let the law in doubt be put to the people

Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey.

in a ballot paper such as that printed lower in this page.

The Poll would be conducted exactly like a General Election.

Who would decide whether a Bill was to be submitted to the people? The proposal made in the Bill introduced in Parliament before the war met this point very well. If the House of Lords cannot agree with the Commons as to a Bill, it is allowed to add to a Bill the clause: "This Act before it comes into operation shall be referred to a Poll of the People." Then a Poll takes place on the Bill as passed by the Commons. But there may be log-rolling in the House of Lords as well as in the House of Commons.

Therefore, to make the thing quite watertight, if any 200 members of the House of Commons petition the Crown, and say in effect, "This is a minority ramp; send it to the people before it comes into operation," then the Bill must be submitted to a Poll of the People. The plan would not involve constant Polls. Only Bills about which there was a doubt would be sent to the people. Of course the log-rollers in all parties, and especially the Labour Party and a certain section of the Liberal Party, hate the Referendum. They know that they only command the confidence of a minority. For such pretenders to power the Poll of the People is the proper medicine, and John Bull will be wise to have it made up ready for use, if he really wants his authority to prevail.

For example, take the Tariff which would be the result of a vote of confidence in Mr. Baldwin's Government at the General Election!

Let that Tariff go to a "Yes" or "No" Poll of the People. Then we shall be sure that John Bull will have the thing he wants, and not something else.

Poll of the People of the United Kingdom held November....., 19.....:—

A Bill for [*Insert Title of Bill*] is referred to a Poll of the People. Those in favour of that Bill, place a cross (X) in the column headed "YES." Those against place a cross (X) in the column headed "NO."	YES	NO

My friend the Grouser

He grumbled and groused from the soup to the cheese, but the last straw came when he lit a cigarette. "Can't even get a decent smoke now-a-days," he grumbled, "no flavour, dry, and hot as ——"!

I could stand no more——"Look here, sir," I said, "are you sure it's not your fault. If you smoke tobacco that has not matured for at least 3 years you must expect harshness and bitterness. Matured tobacco is the only kind fit to smoke—and, what's more, it preserves your health."

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GUARANTEED MADE FROM TOBACCO AGED AT LEAST 3 YEARS IN THE WOOD . .

Packed in Silver Foil to preserve the flavour of the aged and matured 1919 leaf.

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WINTER WEIGHT WOOL CHEVIOT OVERCOAT TO MEASURE

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OR READY TO WEAR.

These Wool Cheviots are in the neatest patterns and the latest shades of Light, Medium, and Dark Grey. The coat will be made to your measure in any style worn to-day. Wool Cheviot cut and tailored by "Rego" experts looks smart, wears well, and is warm and protective. Order promptly before stock is exhausted.

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LOUNGE SUIT

All Wool Indigo Serge

39/6

To Measure or Ready-to-Wear.

This is a heavy Winter Weight Blue Serge, Indigo-dyed, guaranteed all wool, and ideal for winter wear. Will be tailored to your precise measure in any fashionable style. Far and away the greatest Blue Serge bargain ever offered.

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E.C.
191, ALDERSGATE ST.
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W.
288, EDGWARE ROAD
HAMMERSMITH—109, King Street
CHISWICK—262, High Rd.
SHEPHERD'S BUSH—22, Uxbridge Road

N.
KING'S CROSS—40 and 42, Caledonian Rd.; 265, Pentonville Road
FINSBURY PARK—259, Seven Sisters Road
HIGHGATE—691, Holloway Road
ISLINGTON—6, High St.
N. FINCHLEY—73, High St.
TOTTENHAM—512, High Rd.
PALMERS GREEN—3, The Triangle.

S.W.
PUTNEY—31, High Street
WALHAM GREEN—14, The Broadway
CLAPHAM JUNCTION—27/29, St. John's Road
BALHAM—103, High Road
KINGSTON—22 & 24, Clarence Street
WANDSWORTH—107/109, High Street
RICHMOND—40, George St.
CROYDON—77/79, North End
BRIXTON—18, Atlantic Rd.
THORNTON HEATH—3/5/7, Brigstock Road

S.E.
KINGSLAND—4, High St.
HACKNEY—383, Mare St.

N.W.
CAMDEN TOWN—183, High Street
HARLESDEN—31, High St.
ACTON—5/6, Broadway
KILBURN—40, High Rd.
GOLDERS GREEN—107/107A, Golders Green Rd.

E.
ILFORD—48, The Broadway
EAST HAM—68, High Street North
WALTHAMSTOW—143/5, Hoe Street
SHOREDITCH—134/5, High Street

S.E.
WOOLWICH—75/77, Powis Street
DEPTFORD—3, The Broadway
PECKHAM—100, Rye Lane
CAMBERWELL—361/3, Walworth Road
PENGE—98-100, High St.

Provincial.
CHATHAM—103/5, High St.
GRAVESEND—22, King St.
GUILDFORD—112, High St.
HOUNSLOW—166, High St.
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134 to 148, Curtain Road

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THE REGO CLOTHIERS, LTD.

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You and Eleven Others—

can obtain tickets at reduced fares if travelling together for pleasure purposes.

Write, Dept. C, 26, Pancras Road, N.W.1, for particulars of how to get these tickets.

Under the heading "Lino and Lice" JOHN BULL recently warned its readers against two door-knocking young men whose modus operandi is to offer for sale a piece of practically worthless floorcloth as a "remnant" left over after laying some in the neighbourhood. Needless to say neither the men nor the "lino" come from Catesbys of Tottenham Court Road — the firm that made the word "Lino" famous.

Catesbys Cork Lino

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

WOMEN HAVE ENOUGH TO DO

in the house without the burden of floor scrubbing. Has it occurred to you that thousands of overworked housewives are unnecessarily suffering? It seems surprising that women continue in this laborious way when they can be easily relieved of the burden, and that relief is CATESBYS CORK LINO. This handsome and durable floor-covering requires no scrubbing, and can be so easily cleaned, the weakest woman can do it.

Note this specially: We believe you will appreciate still more this Lino offer if you see with your own eyes why Catesbys Lino is better than other floor-coverings. We therefore send actual pieces of our Lino along with coloured book of designs showing dozens of patterns of Catesbys Cork Lino in actual colourings.

All post free together with full prices and details how to order on Cash or Credit terms. Specimen size and Price 3 yds. x 3yds. £1 19 3 cash.

Catesbys

(Dept. K14), TOTTENHAM COURT RD., LONDON, W.1.

Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. Correspondents sending stamped addressed envelopes are answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient general interest to be helpful to others. Ten shillings is always sent to each of the writers of the letters printed on this page.

Aftermath of Murder

"I WONDER if newspaper people who detail so minutely the doings of murderers realise what heartaches their disclosures give to the relatives of these unfortunate men.

"Our family is one of those who have experienced the misfortune of possessing such a black sheep. In addition to the pangs of seeing one of our loved ones arraigned on such a charge, we have gone through the awful disgrace of the whole sordid matter. Personal revelations of a most intimate nature concerning ourselves have been given; we are scorned and ostracised by many former friends and by our enemies, for they, poor narrow-minded folk, are convinced that we are all tainted by the same failings as our unfortunate relative.

"They make little allowance for impulse, and in their pharasaical self-satisfaction are assured that, no matter what the provocation, they would never commit such an error.

"My people have suffered further from the unemployment so prevalent to-day. Employers seem to be all alike in their attitude towards us when we become candidates for their vacant posts. We are discouraged and disheartened by our misfortune, and we crave for sympathy which rarely comes.

"Our neighbourhood has become hateful to us all and we are considering losing our identity and quitting our own small circle by emigration and change of name.

"Have you any advice or words of comfort to offer, Humanist?"

"Humanist" says: *You are not to blame: take comfort from that. But you cannot expect newspapers to suppress murder stories out of any personal consideration. They have a duty to the public. If it is a practical proposition I should advise you to change your name and address. Why expose yourself to any avoidable suffering?*

Employer and Typist

"MY case shows that it is often dangerous and impolitic for an employer to act kindly towards a pretty female employee. I am a business man with large offices in the City, and have as one of my staff a young girl typist of nineteen years of age.

"I have never been married, in spite of being middle-aged, and so have always had plenty of opportunity to indulge in kindly interest in my workers. About eight months ago this girl was engaged by the firm. She comes from a poor family, all of whom are unemployed but herself, and the father is a bed-ridden invalid.

"It was little wonder then that I began in my usual way to help herself and her people all I could. It was foolish, I know, but I often kept her a few minutes after hours to discuss the health of her father and to arrange about small gifts of fruit and other dainties. On one occasion the girl came to my flat and stayed for a quarter of an hour on a similar errand.

"My motives, I assert, were entirely good, but I must say that as the time went on I came to feel that I loved the girl. I was on the point of asking her to become my wife when I was consternated to learn from her that she demanded marriage from me as being her own and proper due and my duty.

"The girl, I think, must be unscrupulous to accuse an innocent (but wealthy) man. Yet I am greatly drawn to the poor child. Would you advise me to marry her and save her from disgrace?"

"Humanist" says:—*To save her from what disgrace? The disgrace of being kindly treated? Of course you are under no moral obligation to marry her, if you have not compromised her. It is for you to decide whether you will still propose on compulsion. I certainly should not.*

Son or Lover?

"PLEASE give me advice on the following subject. Unless I can reach a decision soon I feel I shall go mad. "When I was eighteen I married, with my eyes closed, a man twelve years my senior. I did not know the meaning either of marriage nor of true affection, and I soon discovered that I had wedded a man who was in the process of sowing his wild oats. The result of that marriage was a son. One day I met a man who stirred in me all the romance that I seemed to have missed in life. I eventually married him—only to meet once again with disillusionment. He was a dipsomaniac, and within two years he was treating me as the merest chattel.

"I grew to hate him, but life dragged on, illuminated only by my love for my son. But a year ago I met a man, six years younger than myself—I am now 37, and my son 17 and a public school boy—and in this man I discovered the perfect companion, the ideal lover, the clean, straight man of my dreams.

"He wants me to go to him, for he knows all my misery. I want a divorce. But my son——! I have told him the truth, and to my terror I have seen him shrink at the thought of my name being dragged through the divorce courts—as it would be, for I am the daughter of a man of title."

"Humanist" says: *You cannot divorce your husband because he is a dipsomaniac and treats you like a chattel. But if you can divorce him on other grounds I advise you to do so. Your boy will surely try to understand what he owes to his mother and will sacrifice his feelings for his happiness. Have confidence in the generosity of youth.*

Sowing his Wild Oats

"I HAVE a friend, whom I have known since boyhood; he is one who has given me many a helping hand as regards material progress in life. During the war, when I suppose men were more brutally frank and honest, I was grieved to see how easily he succumbed to the wiles of certain women (this was mainly in the East). When the war ended he asked for my promise never to divulge to any mutual friend any hint of his debauchery.

"Now he is engaged to a noble, good and chaste woman, almost saintly in character; and yet secretly he consorts with immoral women. He confides in me as though the confession afforded relief. I remonstrate, and he answers, 'I am sowing my wild oats before I'm married. I'll settle and be a perfect husband later.'

"This young lady loves and trusts him; would it be wrong and caddish to try and give her some warning? Or if I say nothing and hope she will uplift him, will I be doing right? There is much good in him and I am wondering whether he will respond to the purity and goodness which he must feel when in her presence."

"Humanist" says: *It is certainly not your business to tell your friend's fiancée that he is irregular in his habits. Do what you can with him to steady him, and tell him that he will really enjoy life more if he practises self-respect and self-restraint.*

Fed Up at Forty

"WHAT can you do in a case like this? I am 40, married (no family), healthy, and am a clever engineer. Made quite a nice amount, but lost it through a friend. Got pluck, but the loss destroyed my initiative—my hope.

"Have lost home, have no job although am well known. Cannot persuade old friends I am really down and out, although I am so. Actually possess 7s. in the world, but look as if I had £7,000. I have had 2 years gradually going lower and am fed up.

"I want any dangerous or desperate piece of work at a high rate of pay. Money to be paid to wife in case of accidents. But I'm going to quit this miserable existence *anyway*, and I would rather sell what remains of that existence for a lump sum.

"Now, if any of your readers have anything to be done, I'll do it or die in the attempt. Incidentally, this is genuine, although not as full a statement of utter bad luck as I could give."

"Humanist" says:—*Don't sympathise too much with yourself. That's what undermines your initiative. Other people have troubles, too. Nobody will be likely to employ you on arduous dangerous work because you threaten to "take the coward's way out." Buck up. Life is not over at forty.*

(More "Humanist" replies on page 30.)

"When we have produced an antiseptic which can be taken internally, without risk of injury to cell-tissue, we will have conquered infectious disease."—LORD LISTER.

The WONDER of 'YADIL'

'YADIL' is not a drug, medicine, food, or nerve restorer, but purely a harmless antiseptic which disinfects the human body just as carbolic acid disinfects a drain. It never causes the least injury to the most delicate internal organs.

How to take 'Yadil' Pour one teaspoonful of 'Yadil' into a glass, swallow quickly, and immed ately follow with a drink of water, tea, coffee, or any other beverage. Be sure to take it during meals or immediately after; never on an empty stomach.

BRONCHITIS One teaspoonful of 'Yadil' at every meal. Will end the trouble in a few days.

INFLUENZA One teaspoonful of 'Yadil' every two hours with some light food or fruit juice. If taken at first sign, the attack will not last a day.

COUGHS One teaspoonful of 'Yadil' three times a day. Cough will seldom last more than one day.

DIPHTHERIA At very first complaint of pain in throat give 'Yadil' Jelly or 'Yadil' mixed with honey—one tablespoonful of 'Yadil,' three of honey. Give one teaspoonful of this mixture every ten minutes for two hours, then every half hour for the rest of the day. Next day once every hour. All symptoms will disappear in less than ten hours; the trouble, whether diphtheria, tonsilitis, or merely sore throat, will have been nipped in the bud.

WHOOPING COUGH Same as for Diphtheria. The whoop will seldom last more than two days if treated at the very beginning.

WOUNDS Dress with hot water in which some 'Yadil' has been poured. One teaspoonful of 'Yadil' in half a pint of hot water. Afterwards bandage with a piece of clean linen on which 'Yadil' Ointment has been smeared thickly. One such dressing will heal all wounds and prevent them becoming septic.

BURNS AND SCALDS Apply immediately pure 'Yadil' on the burn or scald and smear over it 'Yadil' Ointment thickly. The pain ceases immediately and NO BLISTERS WILL FORM. All traces of the accident will have disappeared in five or six hours.

CONSUMPTION Read THE YADIL BOOK for the complete treatment, which includes 'Yadil,' pure food and fresh air. It seldom fails to effect a complete cure, even in many advanced cases.

THE YADIL BOOK, 288 pages, octavo, illustrated, price 2/6. Obtainable of all good chemists, or sent direct, post free, on receipt of remittance to any address at home or abroad. Contains treatments for over 200 diseases.

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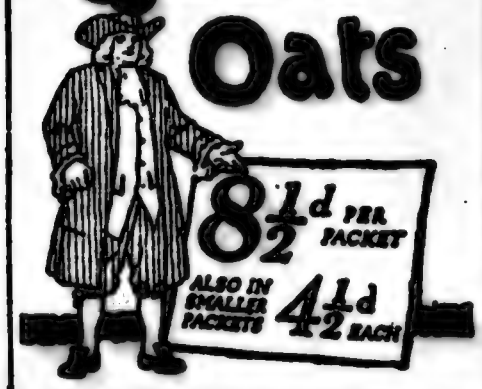
Do you know that Quaker Oats is made from the most nourishing and fully flavoured oats the world produces?

No other oats makes so much or so delicious porridge.

Do you not agree, then, that to pay more than 8½d. for a packet of oats is to waste money?

Quaker Oats



Relieves Headache

A little Musterole rubbed on forehead and temples will usually drive away headache. A clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard, Musterole is a natural remedy with none of the evil after-effects so often caused by "internal medicine."

Use Musterole for neuralgia, pleurisy, congestion, sore throat, sprains and colds on the chest. (It often prevents pneumonia.)

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

MILLER'S

MUSTEROLE

Thos. Christy & Co., London

HUMANIST REPLIES

(Continued from page 28.)

In Love with Another.

"My wife tells me that she cares for me no longer, as she has fallen in love with an Indian doctor. She wants me to divorce her. What should I do?"

Reason gently with your wife. Point out the danger of marrying a man of colour. Ask her to be fair to you. If she refuses, you are not to blame.

The Parted Child.

"I am an heiress, but a cripple. My mother, the widow of a titled officer, is in India, dying. I have been cabled for, but my doctor forbids me to go. Yet I fear for my mother, who may live if I can get to her in time."

Take another medical opinion. There are some cases where risks ought to be run, although it is a doctor's business to advise against them.

The Lost Watch.

"When my father died, he gave me a gold watch and chain, and made me promise never to part with it, whatever happened. I have had a rough time for some months, and pawned it. Now it has gone."

If it is gone, and you can't get it back, don't cry over spilt milk. This is probably the advice your father would have given had he been alive.

Truth May Out.

"Owing to an accident in the hunting-field, I cannot have children. My husband is abroad, and I have adopted an unwanted child. I have told my husband it is his. Should I tell him the truth? He is coming home and may find out and suspect my honour."

Tell him the truth. He has a right not to be deceived. It is, apart from anything else, the less risky as well as the most honourable course.

The Coming Star.

"My sister is a leading lady on tour. She has a racking cough, is getting frightfully thin, and I am sure she is in consumption. Yet she only smiles, and carries on in the hope of one day taking London by storm. She won't give up the life, although she is quite well off."

You can do no more than advise her, but why not get her to undergo an examination? You may be wrong. Laymen should be chary of giving advice and ordering other people's lives.

Wife Wanted.

"I am in search of a wife, but cannot get the right kind. I have haunted dances, theatres, kinemas, public functions, and have been advertising for nearly three years. Yet I am still unmarried. Young, not bad to look upon, I have a fair share of life's fortune. Your outlook upon life seems very broad—can you assist?"

I am not a matrimonial agency. A man who can't find a wife for himself cannot be helped by anybody else. Are you waiting for someone to propose to you?

Wise Parenthood.

"I am a healthy woman, from healthy parents; my husband is the same. No trace of disease or drunkenness as far back as we can find out, on either side. I have three jolly happy kiddies, perfect models, and I should dearly love another, for I think it is parents like us that should have children. But my husband said No, he can't take from one child to give to another. His wages are the same as if he had no children. Why can't the Government pay men according to the number of children they have, like soldiers?"

Because the Government has not a bottomless purse; its money comes from the taxpayers. Perhaps some day we shall encourage wise parenthood; it would pay in the end. But who is to decide on the ideal parents? Some very great men have had dissolute fathers.

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

Charge against a Chauvinist

M. Raymond Poincaré, Premier of France, was charged with disturbing the peace of Europe and conspiring to defraud Great Britain of reparations due to her under the Treaty of Versailles.

The accused said that his dignity would not permit him to plead unless he received a guarantee that the jury's verdict would be in his favour.

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., who appeared for the Bull public, remarked that the ultimatum, or whatever it was, that had just been delivered to the jury, was indicative of the attitude adopted by M. Poincaré whenever an effort was made to settle the Ruhr problem. "For months," continued Mr. Watchdog," the Bull public have shown forbearance in the face of great provocation, but the time has come for the accused to be given plainly to understand that he cannot persist indefinitely in his recent course of behaviour. Let there be no mistake about the attitude of my clients. We think now, as we have always thought, that Germany, who was responsible for the war, should be compelled to pay to the full limit of her capacity. France and Great Britain are alike entitled to reparations; but what chance is there of either country receiving them while M. Poincaré adheres to his fatuous policy of bluff and bluster?

"THE latest example of obstinacy and stupidity to which he has treated us is to be found in his attitude toward the Conference proposed by Great Britain, in which America announced her willingness to take part, to discover what Germany can really pay and how she can pay it. Our million and a half unemployed, far from desiring to take their hats off to France, want to take their coats off and get to work. I do not know if the accused has been led astray by the anti-British Parrot Press, but if he has, he had better understand finally that the only purpose for which the overburdened British taxpayer is now likely to take his headgear off to France is to hold it out and request that country to drop into it a contribution toward payment of the vast debt it owes Great Britain."

"Nobody regrets more than I do," said Mr. Strawsplitter, for the defence, "that this country is suffering from trade depression and an exceptional amount of unemployment, but we endured worse sufferings during the war and we should continue to endure them rather than embarrass M. Poincaré in his efforts to make France a land fit for coal kings to live in. The first duty of every-body of English birth is to stand by France, a policy dictated alike by unselfish and selfish motives, for France's aeroplanes could reduce London to ashes in two hours."

The jury returned a verdict of "Guilty" without leaving the box.

"I suppose," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, with biting irony, "I should doff my wig before passing sentence on the prisoner, but I have no intention of doing so, more especially since the jury has so unhesitatingly refused to heed the craven, 'Hands up to France' advice to pervert the administration of justice lest the country toward which we are commanded to adopt an attitude of genuflective obedience should proceed to a military occupation of the air as well as of the Ruhr. Happily there is little danger of this, for the prisoner is no more truly representative of the French people than his British Press agent is of the people of this country.

"The sentence of the court is that prisoner shall enter into a bond for £600,000,000, the amount of France's debt to Great Britain, to be of good behaviour and refrain from delivering provocative speeches for twelve months of Sundays."

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"PEOPLE'S FRIEND":—"She sat on Mr. Dunlop's RIGHT HAND and had Ian on HER LEFT."

"RICHMOND AND TWICKENHAM TIMES"—"The Bride's BONNET was of lilies, carnations and chrysanthemums."

"NEWS OF THE WORLD":—"If a girl refused or things went wrong she was left UNMERCILESSLY stranded and a fresh victim recruited to take her place."

"EVENING NEWS":—"The sea-going tonnage of the United States has INCREASED from UNDER 800,000,000 tons in 1914 to OVER 145,000,000 tons in 1923."

"YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS":—"When the cell was entered prisoner was found standing at bay, with the WIFE IN ONE HAND and a piece of slate in the other."

"ABERDEEN EVENING EXPRESS":—"Perry, the Stirling half-back, LEFT STIRLING for Canada NEXT WEEK. He intends to play football there."

"BOW BELLS'':—"And she gave Gloria the friendliest little NOD out of the corner of her green EYES."

"HANDY STORIES":—"She half reached out her hand and withdrew it: then, throwing caution to the WINDOWS, she said:"

"BRISTOL EVENING NEWS:—"Worcester Gaol, which was CLOSED about a year ago, has now been RE-OPENED for CLOSING PURPOSES, and re-christened Worcester Castle."

"SOUTH WALES ARGUS":—"Mr. Edwards gave notice that at the next meeting he would move that each MINUTE be allowed a pint of beer at Christmas."

Good Teeth his Asset

What is he going to be "when he grows up"? Whatever is decided, good sound teeth will help him.

Explain to your boy that on the surface of the enamel are miniature waves and facets which radiate light and make teeth glisten and look strong and manly. Tell him how neglect encourages food deposits to ferment and create acids that destroy the enamel, causing toothache and decay. Then see that twice a day he uses Gibbs Dentifrice, endorsed by leading dental authority everywhere as being the only dental preparation needed to keep the enamel sound and bright, and the mouth sweet and wholesome from childhood to age. Buy him his own box to-day.

Children love the delicious fragrance of Gibbs Dentifrice. It's like a "breeze in the mouth." This solid pink cake in a handy aluminium case gives double the service of any creams or powders. It saves the teeth and money, too.

Your teeth are Ivory Castles—defend them with

Gibbs Dentifrice

Large Size, 1/-. De Luxe, 1/6. Refills for above, 1/1d. *Popular Size, 7½d. Tubes, 6d. & 1/-*

Free! GIBBS NEW FAIRY BOOK & SAMPLE OF GIBBS DENTIFRICE

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D. & W. GIBBS, Ltd. (Dept. 55V.) Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E.9. I enclose 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing. Please send me FREE copy of the "FORTRESS OF IVORY CASTLES" and sample of Gibbs Dentifrice.

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about the money value of SCHOOL of ACCOUNTANCY training

STUDENTS of the School of Accountancy who have completed their training are periodically invited to record the benefit they have derived from their training.

The facts thus obtained form amazing evidence, ranging up to salaries of £800, £1,000 and even £2,000 a year. None failed to report definite benefit. Here are typical instances—all of which are certified genuine by David Paterson, Chartered Accountant, 135, Wellington Street, Glasgow.

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S. S., HULL—*Book-keeper to Chief Accountant. £650 per annum increase.*

R. T., GLASGOW—*Junior Clerk to Accountant. 800 per cent increase.*

F. C., EDINBURGH—*Cashier to Secretary. 600 per cent increase.*

B. F., BIRMINGHAM—*Salesman to Auditor. 25s. to £10 per week.*

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AT **20/-** Carr. Paid in the British Isles.

Search where you will, and you won't find a better Raincoat than the SARTOR, nor even as good. We are able to sell it so cheap because we are the actual Manufacturers and sell SARTORS in huge quantities.

And yet each garment is made with individual care, and has to pass a strict examination before it leaves our factory. The SARTOR is perfectly tailored, and is made from a fully-proofed GABARDINE, with warm, cosy check lining, making it suitable for all weathers. Price 20/-. Fully guaranteed to please or money refunded in full.

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TELLS HOW TO STOP A BAD COUGH.

This Home-Made Remedy is a Wonder for Quick Results. Easily and Cheaply Made.

If you have a severe cough or chest cold, accompanied with soreness, throat tickle, hoarseness, or difficult breathing, or if your child wakes up during the night with croup, and you want quick help, try this reliable old home-made cough remedy. Nothing better for bronchitis, chest soreness, whooping-cough, bronchial asthma, or winter coughs. From your Chemist get 1 ounce of Parmint (Double Strength): take this home, and add to it a ½ pint of hot water and four ounces of sugar or two dessert-spoonfuls of golden syrup or honey: stir until dissolved. Take one dessert-spoonful four times a day. It tastes good, and, in spite of its low cost, it can be depended upon to give quick and lasting relief.

You can feel this take hold of a cough in a way that means business. Under its healing, soothing influence chest soreness goes, phlegm loosens, breathing becomes easy, tickling in the throat stops, and you get a good night's restful sleep. The usual throat and chest colds are conquered by it in 24 hours or less. Parmint is a special and highly concentrated compound of Japanese Mint and Norway pine extract, and is probably the best known means of overcoming severe coughs, colds, and bronchial troubles. Unfortunately, this method is often imitated, but the old successful formula as given above has never been equalled. Therefore, when you order Parmint, be sure and note how the word is spelt—PARMINT—and always insist on having Double Strength. You will then get the right ingredient and there is nothing better.

£1,000 for 1/-

CLOSING NOV. 28th.

WILL YOU BE THE WINNER?

Think of the ecstasy you would experience on coming down to breakfast one morning to find this Golden Egg waiting for you.

There is no reason whatever why you should not win the First Prize. Buy yourself a Ticket to-day. Buy two, three, four or as many as you wish. The more you buy, the greater are your chances of winning.

THE GREAT ST. PAUL'S HOSPITAL COMPETITION

You must act quickly. The opportunity is within your grasp to-day

Secure your Tickets Now (to-day)

TICKETS 1/- each.

Book of ten to sell to your friend, and ONE FREE TICKET 10/-.

PRIZES.

Prize money dependent upon the number of the Fund.

1st -	£1,000
2nd -	£500
3rd -	£250
4th -	£100
5th -	£50
10 at -	£10
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£2,000 Guaranteed in Prizes in all.

The Manager,

ST. PAUL'S HOSPITAL FUND,

10, Hospital Bldgs.,

28, Bedford Street,

London, W.C.2.

IT is both early and impertinent to suggest to Lord Derby certain points for his forthcoming Gimcrack speech. I am certain of one thing, and that is that Lord Derby will relieve us of the monotonous stream of praise for the Jockey Club and its precincts which is usually a feature of these celebrations, and will give us a new, a frank and a refreshing viewpoint.

* * *

The Gimcrack Speech.

It may seem inconsistent, since I have railed about the number of new rules that the Jockey Club have inserted, to suggest that his lordship support my plea for an amendment of the rule regarding the racing of foreign horses. I think that rule might very well come as an amendment to Rule No. 26, which runs: "The handicapper shall append to the weight for every handicap the day and hour from which winners shall be liable to a penalty, and no alteration shall be made after publication except that, by express permission of the Stewards, a weight may be affixed to a horse duly entered whose name or weight shall be omitted from the handicap." And the amendment should run:

"*All horses entered for a handicap who have not run twice in public under Jockey Club rules shall be accorded a weight 7 lbs. in excess of the top weight allotted in such handicap.*"

* * *

Derby Nominations.

Another rule which requires amendment is that dealing with the death of nominators of horses in classic events. That is an old grievance which calls for remedy.

* * *

The Handicapping of Pombal.

I find it extremely difficult to understand the handicapping of Pombal in the Derby Cup. This horse is amongst the accepted, and I should have been very much surprised if he hadn't been. He is given bottom weight—a weight at which Orme can ride. Let us see what other horses should have got.

	st. lbs.		st. lbs.
Inkerman ..	6 8	Lighthouse	5 4
Pombal ..	6 0	Old Nic ..	5 1
Karl	5 9	Blue Cheviot	4 5

Which, as Euclid said, is absurd. On the book Pombal is very nearly a certainty. One doesn't want to suggest that the handicapper has mistaken Pombal for another horse, but he has certainly taken a very lenient view of this animal's ability, and forgotten the fact that earlier in the year he was well thought of for the Derby. Three-year-olds like Apron should not be able to give 15 lbs. to Basil Jarvis' horse. I think Pombal will win from Bhuidhaonach.

* * *

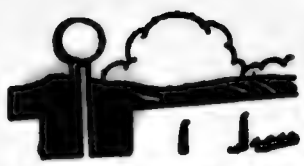
The Best of Purple Shade.

I have an idea that we have seen the best of Purple Shade, and I am not expecting him to make a great show next year. He is one of those horses that come to hand very early, and it is very unlikely that he will improve to any extent from his two to his three-year-old days. The winner of the big Liverpool Nursery, however, is certain to come on, and round about Epsom or Ascot we shall see this horse making a very conspicuous show in one of the classics. Taylor's patience is incredible.

* * *

Rowdiness and N.H.C.

I congratulated the Jockey Club last week on having cleansed the turf, under the rules of racing, of its most undesirable element. I sincerely trust that the National Hunt Committee will take a leaf from the Jockey Club's book, and that scenes which disgraced the meeting at Wye last Wednesday will not be repeated. The gangsters look like confining their activities to the National Hunt game, and it is up to the Committee to see that this movement is not allowed to spread.



Sports and by ROWLEY

I have just glanced through a copy of the *Sporting Life National Hunt Guide*, a little publication now on sale, which will be of great use to every follower of horses over the sticks. It contains complete fixtures for 1923-4, a full list of licensed trainers and jockeys, horses to follow, principal race winners, and a host of other information. The price of the *Sporting Life National Hunt Guide* is 3d. or, if you obtain it from the *Sporting Life*, 27, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, post free 3½d. It is well worth it.

NEWMARKET NOTES.

Derby Cup.

Rose Prince is having a good preparation for the race, and will take a lot of beating in spite of his heavy burden. London Cry is doing well and will make a bold bid for victory. He has had several good gallops since winning at Doncaster and is expected to go very near winning again. Day's selected will probably be Daughter in Law, which is a better animal at the weights than Besseras, and a good stayer. I think the race will be won with either London Cry or Rose Prince, and supporters of these will have a good run for their money.

Chesterfield Nursery.

Thistle Glass is very well and has a chance on some of his running. Wykeham has never been better, and I shall expect to see him there at the finish. Dress Rehearsal will probably be Gilpin's selected, and, with a good boy up, she would have a good chance. My selection, however, is Wykeham, which has been specially trained for this race.

Markeaton Plate.

Soval is now at his best, and I think that whatever beats him will win. Polydipsia will run well, as also will Valiant, but I have every confidence that Soval will be fighting out the finish.

Chatsworth 3-Y.O. Handicap.

The winner will probably come from Kilmoon, Kinsman, Harry Tate and Swinderby. The last named has missed a lot of engagements; he has been well galloped lately, beating such horses as Gavotte, Sale Ticket, etc. He is engaged several times and will no doubt win the race selected for him, which I think will be this one.

Osmaston Nursery.

Stanley House is well represented, and probably Roysterer will be the one to rely upon. He has been galloping over seven furlongs, and may do better here than at Newbury. Should Wykeham take his chance in this, he will be very dangerous. Queer Katie and Cockpit may have something to do with the finish. Our best, however, I take to be Luck's Way, which showed to advantage recently when galloped with Dress Rehearsal and Man at Arms.

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS.

DERBY (WEDNESDAY).
2.0 The Night Patrol (Pondoland, Cadalora).
2.35 Thistle Glass (Dalkeith f.).

DERBY (THURSDAY).
2.0 Cockpit (Psyche).
2.30 Steamer (Thorndown).
3.0 Retaliate (Compiler, The Moy).

DERBY (FRIDAY).
1.50 Blandus (All Green, Polin).
2.30 Pombal (Bhuidhaonach, Carpathus).

HURST PARK (SATURDAY).
PETERSHAM H'CAP: Guiseppi (Clymping).
OATSHEAF H'CAP: Hard Battle (Lady Canfield).
STOCK H'CAP: Palemidon (Francais II., Argo).

Friary Nursery.

Santolina is very well just now and has not looked back since being beaten by a narrow margin by Noble Order at Newmarket. With R. Jones up she will lack nothing as regards jockeyship. Blandus must be regarded as the chief danger. Disillusion will run well, as will Westacre; but if the race comes to headquarters it will be through Santolina, which is much fancied.

Allestree Welter.

Melibœus, despite his penalty, will go close. Revival would be dangerous if kept for this, but he is heavily engaged and will probably win and pick up a penalty before this. Despote could win here if he liked, but he does not go too kindly in his gallops and he is evidently rather unreliable. Rosemead is striding out well and will beat more than beat her. Varinka is a danger to the best. I think Melibœus will beat all the Newmarket trained horses, and regard Varinka as the next best.

* * *

Rise Hall has been showing up well with other two-year-olds in J. Jarvis' stable, and is a likely winner before the season ends.

* * *

Indiscretion has yet to be seen at his best. Five furlongs is his best course and he needs strong handling. He will most likely be seen out in a selling event, and, with Elliott riding, should not be overlooked.

* * *

Patras and Sunny Joe are two likely winners at Manchester from Egerton House. The former was galloped very useful in the spring, but was stumped up on the hard ground in the summer months. He is moving splendidly now, and, being almost at the bottom of the handicap, is given a fine chance of scoring.

* * *

Duteous is a very useful filly trained by H. Leader, and, if not seen in winning brackets next week, can be followed confidently next season.

* * *

Lilypond should not be missed if seen out this week or next.

HORSES TO NOTE.

Ardaven (7 yrs.).—This veteran is very fresh and well, and moving so freely that it is evident he is not yet a back number. He is worth keeping an eye upon over a mile-and-a-half or thereabouts.

Gypsy (2 yrs.).—When beaten over seven furlongs at Newmarket, this filly was essaying a course beyond her compass. She may win over five furlongs before the curtain falls.

Bessie (3 yrs.).—For some reason or another, very little has been seen of this filly this season. She is, however, in good work, and may win a race over six or seven furlongs.

Luck's Way (2 yrs.).—Judging by the way she has shaped in recent gallops with useful stable companions, there should be a race in this filly. She shapes like a stayer.

Light Jester (3 yrs.).—After being slightly amiss, this colt is moving in his best form again. He is quite likely to win another race before the season ends.

Indiscretion (2 yrs.).—This colt has not much form to recommend him, but he looks capable of winning a race, and Jack Jarvis has been paying plenty of attention to him of late.

Almond Wine (4 yrs.).—When beaten at Newmarket a fortnight ago, this colt was "running on" at the finish. It is on the cards he would be better suited by six furlongs than five.

Sportsmen MILE

ROWLEY MILESTONES

Little Marten, who, it is thought, will be suited by the distance, is likely to develop into a fancied candidate for the Manchester November Handicap.

• • •

East Tor has developed leg trouble, and is scarcely likely to be seen in public again this season.

• • •

Salmon Trout, undoubtedly one of the crack two-year-olds of the season, has dreadful-looking forelegs. These he inherits from his maternal grandsire, St. Frusquin.

• • •

Savernake, who has already received his initial lessons over hurdles, is likely to be heard of during the coming jumping season.

• • •

J. Hogan, junr., who is quite one of our best cross-country horsemen, has refused to accept a retainer, and will ride during the winter as a free-lance.

• • •

Frocked is the first hero of that historic event, the Newmarket Town Plate, to blossom into a winner under Jockey Club rules.

• • •

We do not often see two such exhibitions of "mulishness" on successive afternoons as were given by Harpenden and Lauzun recently. Each stuck his toes into the ground when the barrier ascended, and resolutely refused to budge.

• • •

A draw is the hardest result to forecast in football. Our expert gave no fewer than four in his selections for Nov. 3.

The Ball Game

In the north the two favourites for the championship are Bolton Wanderers and Huddersfield, and the meeting of this couple at Burnden Park this week end should draw the season's record gate for the ground. It ought to be a fight worth going miles to see. Both are better in attack than defence and the probability is that they will divide the points. Another game of outstanding importance is the first meeting of the season between the Arsenal and the Spurs at Highbury; and here again I shall bank on a draw. Liverpool, the champions, visit the Villa, and although I have not lost faith in the former, I prefer the Villa's chances because of ground advantage. Other home teams that should win are Birmingham, Burnley, Everton, Manchester City, Middlesbrough, Preston and Sunderland. Sheffield United look the best of the away teams.

A Yorkshire Test.

Leeds United have never had a better start, and if they can keep it up, as I think they can, we should have another first league team in Yorkshire. They will find Barnsley very dour opponents even at Elland Road, but should beat them. I anticipate home wins for Bradford City, Bristol City, Clapton Orient, Leicester, The Wednesday, Southampton and Stoke and away wins for Derby and South Shields. Coventry and Manchester United will probably draw their game at Coventry.

Rangers Going Strong.

The Rangers have been scoring heavily in recent matches in the Scottish League, and although they must always treat Falkirk with respect on their own ground I am taking the Rangers to get full points from them. The home teams who should make no mistake about victory are Airdrieonians, Celtic, Hibernians, Morton, Motherwell, Partick Thistle, St. Mirren and Third Lanark. Kilmarnock v. Raith Rovers suggests a draw.

Forest Slipping.

The Notts Forest directors have their own troubles without the additional one in the continued destructive criticism of some of the club's alleged supporters. This has not assisted the management in preventing the team slipping down the league ladder. It seems to me, however, that a change is needed in the defence and perhaps the days of Sam Hardy are over. Well, Hardy was always modest about his own capabilities and he would be the first to get out of the way of an efficient successor in the Forest goal.

Where are Spurs Reserves?

What has happened to all the talent the Spurs were supposed to have in reserve? We were told there was a first-class man for every position were one needed, and yet Grimsdell has had to help the club out by playing at back now and again. He has not been bad either, but after all he is badly missed in the constructive stuff when not in his old place.

Get New Ones.

I have all the season had some trenchant remarks to make about our international teams and as the eleven we sent across to Belgium was lucky to get away with a half-share of the goals, all I have said has been justified. I now make the suggestion that some of the more famous players of their day who have not altogether gone out of the game, should be asked to nominate men for all the positions. The Russell Square people seem to bank on representations. What we want, as I have said before, is new blood and goodness knows there are enough promising youths about worth a trial.

Trainers on the Field.

I have noticed lately a tendency on the part of trainers to rush on to the field with the familiar dripping sponge before the referee has signalled his permission. This needs stopping straight away. Either a caution should be administered or the trainer reported.

Incidentally, an injured player should be immediately removed over the touch-line and there given the necessary massaging or sponging.

FORECASTS FOR NOV. 24.

ENGLISH LEAGUE—DIV. I.

Home Winners.

Blackburn Rovers, *Cardiff City, *Huddersfield, Liverpool, *Newcastle, Notts County, *Sheffield U., West Bromwich, West Ham.

Away Winners.

Middlesbrough.

Draws.

Spurs v. Arsenal.

ENGLISH LEAGUE—DIV. II.

Home Winners.

*Blackpool, Bury, *Derby County, Hull City, *Manchester U., Port Vale, *South Shields.

Away Winners.

*Stoke, Clapton Orient.

Draws.

Barnsley v. Leeds, Nelson v. Bristol City.

THIRD DIVISION.—NORTHERN.

Home Winners.

*Ashington, *Bradford, Darlington, *Southport, Walsall, *Wigan, *Wolves.

Away Winners.

Lincoln, Hartlepools, Accrington.

Draws.

Barrow v. Wrexham.

THIRD DIVISION.—SOUTHERN.

Home Winners.

Boscombe, Brentford, *Bristol Rovers, *Charlton, Luton, *Plymouth, *Portsmouth, Swindon.

Away Winners.

*Northampton, *Q. P. Rangers.

Draws.

*Brighton v. Swansea.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

Home Winners.

Hamilton A, Falkirk, Hibernians, Raith Rovers, *Rangers, *Third Lanark.

Away Winners.

Partick Thistle, Celtic, Aberdeen.

Draws.

Ayr United v. Queen's Park.

(For coupon purposes, nap selections are marked with an asterisk.)

LITTLE BUT GOOD.

LIKE some of the greatest half-backs Soccer has known, Billy Hardy, of Cardiff, is on the small side. He is sturdy enough but short of a few inches in the matter of height. But not that this matters, although they thought so in Scotland, when Hardy left Bedlington to join the Hearts.

This bad guess was a bit of luck for Cardiff. As a matter of fact Hardy was thought so little of then that he was

"thrown in" a transfer deal with a supposed better player. That took Hardy to Stockport, but when Mr. Fred Stewart, then manager of Stockport, took charge of the Welsh team, Hardy was the most important item in the luggage. Hardy cost Cardiff but £25. What a player for a mere "pony"!

Hardy has but little hair in these days. They say he has worn it off by heading the ball, but, seriously, he has no superior in professional circles in this important part of the business. He can place the ball with his head better than any man I have seen since the late Sandy Turnbull.

But Hardy has other qualities. He is a wonderful tackler—timely and tenacious, too. And when he has the ball he does much more with it than a first-time clearance. He is a particularly clever dribbler, and this enables him to take the ball up to his forwards. Many a forward line have to come back and get it!

Hardy is popular everywhere. He is one of those fellows crowds take to intuitively and he repays their admiration with whole-hearted football.

Tip for Cupholders.

Bolton Wanderers are doing fairly well, but they are not the side they were at the end of last season. I notice signs of deterioration in the famous Smith-Vizard wing, and I should like to hear that the "Trotters" management has a couple of players good enough to let Smith and Vizard have a rest now and again. There is all the old cleverness in this pair and the old understanding, but both are now at that stage in their careers when Nature demands an occasional let-up. They deserve it.

The Wadsworths.

Where do all the Wadsworths come from? There were three in the Liverpool Huddersfield game the other day and probably a few more are playing with less prominent clubs. Are they like the Stephensons, the Carrs, and the Lowes, brothers or near relations, or can anyone in the North with this name play football? Anyway, they all seem to be first-class alright.

A Bad Policy.

Why do Birmingham every now and again drop Crosbie? If a lot of people in Scotland had their way Crosbie would be in the national eleven, and yet the Midland club, about four times a season, leave him out. The value of Crosbie to the Birmingham attack is apparent to anybody who knows what real football is. Perhaps he comes into disfavour now and again because he does not attempt—nor is he big enough to do so—to lay out the opposing backs. Crosbie is a footballer, not a bruiser.

Want Some Money?

All sportsmen enjoy competitions. And the chance of participating in one and doing a good turn at the same time, is always eagerly seized. Elsewhere in this issue we print full particulars of the Peterborough Infirmary competition in which prizes to the amount of £500 are offered.

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Our Letter Parliament

Are Children Taught Rubbish?

Our Readers Air Their Views on This and Other Subjects

Wasting Kiddies' Time.

You deserve congratulation for drawing attention to the shocking state of affairs at our schools. It seems incredible that children should be taught the things mentioned in T. W. H. Crosland's article, yet I can verify it, for my own two little girls do exactly the same kind of "work." Precious time is wasted in this way. If this is our much-vaunted education, then the sooner it is altered the better.—*Mrs. T. Trevors, W. Hartlepool.*

Our Future Men.

I think it is time more parents complained of the slipshod way in which their children are taught. According to your complainant's letter, the L.C.C. teachers are very like the W.C.C. My child, aged 9 years, a strong healthy boy, with the average amount of brains, is learning from his teacher how to plait straws, yet he can't say his A B C properly. Can you tell how straw-plaiting helps in a boy's future?—*E. E. Pinnell, Upavon, Marlborough.*

The Child to Blame?

T. W. H. Crosland says children are taught rubbish. He is talking rubbish himself. The case he instances may have been an isolated case, or the child may have been a backward child getting special work to do, but I know that *my* children return from school full of bright information. Education will always have critics, of course, the fact being overlooked that sometimes it is the pupil who should be criticised.—*H. W. Massey, Bruntsfield, Edinburgh.*

Little Tear-stained Faces.

Mr. Crosland appears to be an old out-of-date fogey who has either lost or never had a grasp of child psychology. He ought to be told that children learn most surely and with fewer tears when they are interested in their work. That interest is the aim of every wide-awake teacher. We have, thank heaven, no longer flogging schoolmasters, or little ones who hate their teachers. Perhaps Mr. Crosland would have our schools made into flogging institutions.—*Retired Married Teacher, Worcester.*

Characters Ruined.

I endorse all that your correspondent says regarding "Teaching Children Rubbish." More than that, their characters are being ruined by being allowed to choose and do only what they like in the way of lessons. The craze for "individual teaching" is to blame for a good deal of incompetence in children. It is impossible for a teacher of a class, say, of only 20 children, to teach individually any subject, without a fearful waste of time. The sooner we get back to the old method of teaching, the better will be the attainments of children when they leave school.—*One of the Mothers, Newark.*

Scotland's Way.

One cannot but agree that we ought to cut out many of the frills which are so characteristic of our educational system of to-day. The Scottish system is far simpler and insists on more real concentration and valuable hard work than that in vogue in England. Moreover it seems to be better appreciated in the Northern Kingdom that youth is the period when much useless and wasteful playfulness must be checked. The success of the Scot in England is well-known and undoubtedly much of the secret of this lies in the plainer methods of instruction during his childhood.—*Englishman, Edinburgh.*

Brief to the point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

Opportunity "Nocks" Once.

Mr. T. W. H. Crosland is quite right—there *is* something wrong with the education of to-day. Any employer of labour will tell you how difficult it is to get a lad or a girl of 15 years, with even a fair knowledge of the three "R's." A short time ago I advertised for apprentices. They came from good homes and schools of some repute. A lad of 16 wrote "nock" for knock. If the school would concentrate on good writing, spelling and arithmetic, the rest would come the more easily.—"*Hull Employer.*"

Help Santa Claus!

Privation and distress will be on the increase this Christmas. We should scrap our old custom of exchanging gifts, I mean those of us who are in fairly comfortable circumstances. A new Christmas spirit is badly wanted, so that every present we make during the festive season shall find its way into a needy household. In the past, well-to-do Tom has lavished trinkets on well-off Maud and *vice versa*. Can't Tom and Maud see that their money would be better spent by far on a couple of baskets of groceries for a destitute family?—*Jas. Gray, Montrose, N.B.*

Money and Happiness.

Most people would agree with "A Gentleman With a Duster," that money does not bring happiness. Still, there are homes all over the United Kingdom to-day where the want of money is causing great unhappiness. It is all very well for "A Gentleman With a Duster" quoting the rich man who is unable to buy a good digestion. No more can the poor man obtain it through being poor.—*S. W., Belfast.*

Uncle Sam's Voice.

I feel that the letter, "A Doubtful Blessing," printed in September 29th issue, calls for comment from this side of the Atlantic. The first result of Prohibition is the stoppage of an enormous revenue to the Treasury. Next comes the appropriation of sufficient funds to enforce the law. It creates corruptness among officials. It creates contempt of the law among all classes, high and low. It clogs State and Federal courts to the exclusion and delay of their ordinary business.—*W. S. Smith, Seabury Park, Peekskill, N.Y., U.S.A.*

On Other Pages

THE result of our Record *Bullet* Offer appears on Page 43. Remember that there are more good *Bullets* prizes to be won this week. In addition to £250 and other cash awards, the Turkey prizes are increased to 150. A bird in the hand is worth two in the shop.

WHAT to give as Christmas Gifts is the big home problem of next month. In that connection we are making a special offer on page 7.

ANOTHER thrift competition is announced on page 4, where the efforts in a previous advertising competition are also to be found.

ON pages 2 and 14 readers are given interesting facts about our Free Insurance Gift.

No Castor-oil!

I notice that you are still criticising the British Fascisti, but you appear to be very much in the dark as to the nature and aims of that organisation. We shall employ the methods most suitable to the scene of our operations, and conditions generally, not excluding the ballot box. The last thing we want is a Fascist dictatorship, for that could only come if this country is allowed, like Italy, to sink to such a state that a dictatorship is the only alternative to Communism. We are mostly ex-soldiers, and are all patriots, and would hardly desire such a fate for our country.—*Fascismo, Oxford.*

The Muddied Oafs.

There is no great difference (in fact some critics say there is none) in the average play of the First Football Division and the Second. Why not let about five clubs go up from the Second Division, and the same number go down from the First each year? Thus the football spectator would see many fresh teams every year, and more interest would be stimulated. This would also lessen the gap between the First and Second Divisions, and the Second Division would be better supported.—"*Miner,*" *Normanton.*

Hats Off Once More.

There is no denial that France is behind its Premier "to a man." Then why is Mr. Gardiner making these continuous insulting attacks on the head of a friendly nation? Does he call that making Mr. Baldwin's task any easier, this baiting of a Power with whom it is essential for us to keep friendly as the "buffer state" between us and the Continent of Europe? Would Mr. Gardiner sit back satisfied if we sent an ultimatum to France to clear out of the Ruhr, failing which use force? It would seem so from the tone of his articles, with his gibes about "black troops," etc. —*Logic, Buckley Avenue, Manchester.*

(*If "Logic" read A.G.G.'s articles carefully he would see that he gives chapter and verse for his criticisms.*—ED.)

Beauties of Prohibition.

In reply to Hilda Young, Sheffield, may I suggest that she is talking rot? "Prohibition" bred "bootlegging." "bootlegging" bred piracy, and piracy isn't the occupation of "God's Own Men." Granted that restrictions may be put on the sale or consumption of alcoholic liquors, but to absolutely prohibit them brings out the taste for methylated spirit, and the desire to erect illicit stills. A man or woman deprived of drink will go to any lengths to obtain substitutes. Hence dope fiends, methylated spirit drinkers, bootleggers, etc. Prohibition means unemployment, too, to many thousands of people.—*G. Allan Courts, Leicester.*

Is Sex Disappearing?

In reply to J. B., London, I would point out that the race is necessarily carried on by the exercise of the generative or genital organs, and, therefore, they will not atrophy through lack of use. The refusal of a section of the people to be natural and undertake those parental duties which are an integral part of life, will only have the effect of decreasing population proportionately to the number of that people. Nature does not make such allowances as "J.B." suggests for those who refuse to comply with the laws which deal with procreation, any more than she does for other criminals against Nature. Nature's laws are inviolate.—*Caractacus, S.E. 17.*

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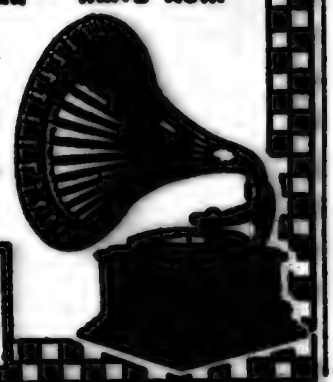

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Play Billiards in your own home.

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A Postal Order for 14/- will bring carriage paid to any address within 1 mile of a railway station in the United Kingdom, the 6 ft. 4 in. size "HOME" BILLIARD TABLE (Cash Price, £11 15s.) to fit on ordinary dining table. The balance you pay monthly. There are various sizes to fit all dining tables—see price list.

Seven Days' Free Trial Given.

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RILEY'S "COMBINE" BILLIARD and DINING TABLES, from £22 10s., or in 12 or 20 monthly payments. Riley's are the largest makers of full-size Billiard Tables in Great Britain. Write for particulars. Estimates given free for all repairs and accessories.

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is absolutely the last word in Coffee.

Pure full-cream dairy milk, refined crystal sugar and best coffee mixed in correct proportions needing only hot water to produce most delicious Café au Lait as served in the best hotels on the continent.

Pre-war quality at reduced prices.

Half-tins (8 cups) 8½d. Large tins (16 cups) 1s 3d

At all best class Grocers and Stores.

ABSOLUTELY PURE AND FREE FROM PRESERVATIVES.

OXO's wonderful offer doubled!

In view of the widespread appreciation of their happy gift of Xmas Stockings, and the joy of so many children looking forward to receiving them, OXO Limited have decided to increase the limit of 50.000 Stockings to

100,000

The sure knowledge that 100,000 children may now participate is a greater incentive than ever to secure this lovely Xmas Gift.

Post your Wrappers quickly so that some child known to you may be one of the happy 100,000

For Specimen Stocking and Conditions look in your Grocer's Window

OXO

OXO Limited, 2, Thames House, London, E.C.

Motoring for the Million

by MOTOMAC.

THE Show was a success. In a time of phenomenal depression and uncertainty the live wires in the trade have gone back to the factories with well-filled order books. The explanation? Simply that car-makers have gone all out for service rather than profits.

If some of our other traders could get hold of the same idea, there would be some hope for the Old Country yet. Moreover, the man who gives the best service will gain most in the end; there is a goodwill attached to every car for sooner or later, in this case the later the better, spares and replacements will be required, and as more motorists go direct to the makers for repairs than in other days, every car running means potential business. The first profit is not the last, or only profit, and it is this possibility which makes price-cutting a sound policy.

I COULD not resist a final visit in the last days of the show. There were so many things that I had not seen right. I had never been upstairs. The galleries were just as interesting and certainly more educational than the floor.

One saw the motor-car in bits. Engines, back-axles, gear-boxes, tyres, complete and in sections; electrical appliances, screen wipers, shock-absorbers, petrol gauges, and every conceivable gadget for the comfort of the motorist. One began to wonder how we ever got through in the old days. It seems to me that the game is getting too easy, too certain to be ranked as a sport, but I can be very thankful for all the added conveniences which make motoring a pleasure.

Some appealed particularly to my own needs, and it can therefore be assumed that they will be of general interest. There is no more humiliating experience than to be stuck about two miles from home or the nearest garage for want of petrol. Yet it often happens, especially where the tank is filled from the scuttle or the dash, and there is no way of seeing the level. The Runbacken Gauge will prevent that silly feeling. A simpler form, especially suitable for Fords or other cars with inaccessible tanks, Boyce's dipping gauge is a good device.

WE have all experienced the discomforts attending to driving in rain or snow. Rubbing the glass with a potato, or vaseline or some more expensive preparation was but a temporary help. An effective screen wiper at any price from seven-and-sixpence is a permanent boon.

The Ever-ready Automatic shown by Shaw and Kilburn seemed to be the acme of perfection.

Potholes even have lost their horrors. Shock-absorbers have evolved wondrously since the days of the first spring coil. Many makers now add the "Hartford" type as standard. Such makers are in touch with our everyday needs. They probably drive cars as well as make them.

The Hondaille Hydraulic appealed to me, the reaction seemed so steady and slow that vibration was absolutely neutralised. True economy to fit something of this sort, for many of our troubles are due to incessant vibration. Add to a good shock absorber the new cushion tyre, admittedly experimental still, but just as likely for rapid development as four-wheel braking, and our worst roads will have lost their terror.

***

For further particulars about cars and accessories send coupon on page 2.

IF YOU OWN A DOG

YOU MUST READ

"HINTS TO DOG OWNERS"

9th Edition—128 Pages.

From Leading Chemists, Stores and Corn Merchants, or

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Please mention *John Bull*

This Man makes Money by Post—in his spare time!

because he devotes a few hours to his own Mail-order business.

YOU CAN ADD £5 A WEEK

(Or larger sums)

TO YOUR INCOME IN THE SAME WAY.

GREAT FREE BOOKLET

"By Post to Prosperity" SHOWS HOW

EVERY JOHN BULL reader should send for a copy of this wonderful free booklet to-day. It will show how you, too, at home in your spare time, can establish a successful business of your own. It tells in plain and simple language how you may add from £5 to £15 per week to your usual income, merely by devoting a few of your spare hours to an easy and fascinating occupation by starting a Mail Order business. The possibilities in the mail order business are unlimited. Ordering by mail is becoming increasingly popular. Shrewd buyers recognise that large savings can be effected by buying direct from firms with practically no overhead expenses and who are able to supply at low prices.

With the guidance of The Shaw Institute a person of average intelligence can make a lucrative income right from the commencement with only a few pounds capital to start.

You Can Start To-day.

It makes no difference in what locality you live. You can make a very lucrative income right from the commencement with only a small outlay. Your stock-in-trade need not consist of more than a small supply of goods—kept in a spare room—if you like, a few printed letters, and a pound or two in the bank.

There are no hard and fast rules to abide by. You are not bound to any one particular business.

The Shaw Institute teaches the whole mail order business, and as you progress, your business will be growing—also your bank balance.

The Shaw Institute contends that no matter what your circumstances are, a scheme can be outlined by which you can start without delay.

Read this from Student No. C. 1729.

"It is now exactly five months since I commenced your Mail Order course and I thought you might be interested to hear of my progress as a result of the same. I commenced trading immediately on completion of the third lesson, and have never looked back since then, in fact I now occupy my own office, a fact of which I think I can feel justly proud in so short a period. My present position I feel is solely due to your excellent course of instruction and also to the splendid profits obtainable. If only more people realised the enormous possibilities of Mail Order Trading I am sure there would be thousands enjoying a much more comfortable and less money-harassed life than there are at present. I consider it my best speculation. Thanking you for all your course has done for me and for your ever ready help when I have been in doubt.

Yours faithfully, Student No. C.1729.

The original of this letter and thousands more can be seen at the offices of the Shaw Institute.

Send no money. Write for this free booklet, "By Post to Prosperity," which shows how you can start a spare or whole-time business at home, points a quick certain way to a large income and shows how £5 can be made the basis of independence. Fill in the coupon while you think of it—now! There's no obligation.

COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

To the Secretary, The Shaw Institute,

(Dept. J.B. 24), 1, Montague Street, London, W.C. 1.

Please send me, FREE and Post Free, your brochure "By Post to Prosperity," and other literature on Mail Order trading.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

J.B. 24 .....

John Bull's Letter Bag

WRITE to JOHN BULL about it. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding at your call through the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often. An expert staff deals with Legal and Financial inquiries by post. All you have to do is to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply

K. S. (Bilston).—"I think lawyers are very trying." And we've noticed that judges are that way inclined too.

R. R. B. (Swindon).—"Some people make a positive hobby of worrying." Fret work, so to speak.

L. S. (Wandsworth).—"Hope you can ventilate this grievance of mine!" Sir! it's full of holes already.

S. E. R. (Stayford).—"The prices that barbers charge are positively disgusting." Righto! Keep your hair on.

J. S. B. (Glasgow).—"To say that Scotsmen are mean is, of course, only what you call a joke." But it's not a standing joke.

B. R. F. (Kensington).—"On Sunday afternoons we invariably have a game or two of Bridge." We prefer a little nap ourselves.

W. V. (Stanley).—"It is clear, from all accounts, that there is plenty of work for mechanics and engineers in America." Then hands across the sea are wanted.

M. S. (Chatham).—"If you would allow me to see you I could tell you a lot about spirits." We'd prefer that you put it in black and white.

G. V. (Maida Vale).—"I have come across quite a lot of bad patches lately." We prefer ours matched with the original material.

J. R. P. (Wallsend-on-Tyne).—"The Church, as a whole, is too easily satisfied with its work." And its critics too easily dissatisfied.

BOOTS (Accrington).—"Some of the nicest girls to be found are in that town called Accrington." Now we know why you stay on there.

P. C. (Brede).—"When country people come to London for a few days they are all at sea." That's possibly because they are part of the floating population.

J. B. (Clerkenwell).—"Some people are imaginative and look ahead, while others, metaphorically speaking, see no further than their noses." Which may be taken as red.

K. T. R. (Wickford).—"There are few University men about nowadays." Very likely because it is so important for the present generation to be properly educated.

TILLY (Manchester). — "Make no mistake about it, domestic servants respect themselves." And, make no mistake about it, all sensible people respect them too.

G. H. H. (Mill Hill).—"An author's earnings are naturally precarious, but the local authorities fail to realise the fact and I am continually being pressed for 'immediate payment.'" Then life to you is just one d—— thing after an author.

G. G. (Burley).—"Some people call a spade a spade." And card players often call it trumps.

A. G. (Pentre). — "Is the Church awake?" Very often the congregation most certainly isn't.

MRS. T. (East Ham).—"What does the school teach the girl of ten to do with a needle?" Just sew!

T. H. (Glasgow).—"Five of us, all journalists, sat round the table and had a real old-fashioned pow-wow." The pow-wower of the Press!

LEN (Ilford). — "Yesterday the Borough Council re-paved the whole of our street." It was evidently one of their flag days.

PHIPPS (Chiswick).—"I wish you would be good enough to tell me how to make a foot-warmer." Certainly, wear thicker stockings.

W. T. D. (Wiltshire).—"Certainly children bring happiness. I have three, and every one of them brought cheer to myself and my wife." Three cheers!

LESICA J. (Northallerton).—"Do you know why the men with the most brilliant brains are born in November?" We haven't the foggiest.

M.O. (Hereford).—"The Government are clearly only winking at the problem of unemployment." Then another little wink won't do them any harm.

W. B. (Sunderland).—"Surely our own, our native land, is the only thing to live for?" And, alas! what so many of our boys died for.

J. L. (Bristol).—"In all modesty, I do not think you could find another girl with the perfect complexion." There now! We like your cheek.

LOVER OF CHILDREN (S.E.).—"My neighbour has a boy, an only child, six years, who is never allowed to mix with other children." Possibly the *other* children are to be congratulated.

E. B. (Shawlands).—"If the Labour Party would practice what they preach they would do a lot towards gaining the confidence of the public." So long as they don't preach too much—right!

A. B. K. (Balham).—"Having a complaint to make against a Government Department which absolutely refuses to get a move on, I will be obliged if you will tell me whom to address?" Judging by your letter, the Stationary Department.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

P. M. (Wicklow).—"Who are the monied classes to-day?" We should think they are the classes with money

A. L. F. (Ipswich).—"The old-fashioned circus has passed." Correct! We saw one pass only the other day.

G. S. (Silsden).—"In many card rooms at clubs certain members form themselves into cliques." Then it's not a square deal.

W. F. A. (Sunbridge).—"I have a complaint to lodge" Sorry! we have no room for lodgers of that sort.

B. S. (Sheffield).—"The steel workers have their grievances." Still, they must keep their temper.

D. B. (Letchworth).—"Supposing the doctors went on strike what would happen to us all?" Probably we'd be able to die a natural death.

W. R. B. (Merthyr).—"Thousands of emigrants are pouring out of Wales every month." Now we know where the leak is.

P. T. S. (Salisbury).—"The young man of to-day is afraid for himself. He is too apt to get cold feet." Perhaps that's why so many of them wear spats.

J. C. (Coulston).—"The racing wolves can always find a fresh supply of lambs to fleece." And the lambs are naturally somewhat partial to gambolling.

F. W. (Beaconsfield).—"In the natural course of events we will soon have snow in some parts of the country." We see your drift.

S. E. (Reading).—"It makes me sick to think of the gap there is between France and this country." And it's often made us sick when we've crossed it.

W. G. S. (Midhurst).—"Like a lot of people I have my dislikes." Then if you have your dislikes you *don't* like a lot of people.

WALTER (Bursalem).—"I get an infinite amount of pleasure from fountains playing." No doubt you would get more from dancing pumps.

MRS. BRENT (Selsea). — "There's nothing I object to more than creaking furniture." Yet we remember the time when we simply loved musical chairs.

NIBLO (Penarth).—"I have just received a present of a bottle of whisky packed up in German marks." Quite a new form of spirit wrapping.

W. R. T. (Dartford).—"The educational system is certainly open to criticism. My boy, for instance, appears to me to be very ignorant for his age, yet he is always at the head of his class." That's topping.

H. F. (Ealing).—"Will Turkeys be scarce this Christmas?" We shouldn't be at all surprised, but there are plenty of *Bullets* Turkeys to be won. Why not try for one of the 150 offered this week?

H. W. (Bilston).—"What are houses?" Mostly places we can't get to live in.

SID (St. Pancras).—"I have just started work as a press photographer." Well, that's a job full of snap.

F. N. D. (Tooting).—"How can I make my little boy stick to his studies?" Pin him down to them.

E. N. S. (Walford).—"The time the clock had stopped proved that I was right." Thus time tells.

W. S. (Cromer).—"Prohibition is only a joke." Possibly that's why Scotsmen can't see it.

V. R. L. (Port Stewart).—"It is only because I was very fond of his father in the old days that I am partial to the boy." Sounds to us like "like father, like son."

B. H. (Jarrow).—"I have written a film play that is complete in itself, subtitling is quite unnecessary." Apparently it's too clever for words.

N. T. (Plymouth).—"Why do the railway companies run any fast train at all?" For an express purpose, no doubt.

W. V. (Hanley).—"I stepped down and took over the minor part, because I considered that, under the circumstances, it was only cricket." Well played, sir!

A SPARKHILL FAMILY.—Thanks for your contributions of 10s., 16s. 6d. and 7s. 6d. to our "Greatest of These" Fund. Other families please copy.

HOMEBREW (Northampton). — "Talk about the milk ramp, what about the hop ramp?" It's certainly becoming bitter.

W. R. C. (Aberystwyth).—"Sometimes it is advisable to accept the will for the deed." And, as any lawyer will tell you, very often the will *is* the deed.

H. R. W. (Coleford).—"I take my eldest boy about with me practically everywhere I go." Consequently you always have an heir about you.

T. R. C. (Wellingborough).—"Adversity frequently brings out a man's character." Very likely because he has to show it to people before he can get a job.

B. R. L. (Sudbury).—"The local authorities still charge twopence for a chair in the Park, which is but another instance of official profiteering." Then they must be sat on.

C. T. (Paisley).—"Simply because of a good turn done many years ago, my grocer gives me 10 per cent. off on all purchases." Clearly you're on good terms.

B. E. (Croydon).—"Influence counts to-day more than ever it did. What chance has the working class lad of getting up?" He should get mother to call him.

EX-BLUE JACKET (Rickmansworth).—"Why not stop a day's pay from every M.P. who is absent from the House?" But, just lately, they are supposed to have been employed largely on peace work.

HAPPY (Johannesburg).—"There is alluvial gold and diamonds waiting to be found in this Colony." Yes, but the chief trouble, we suppose, is finding the stuff.

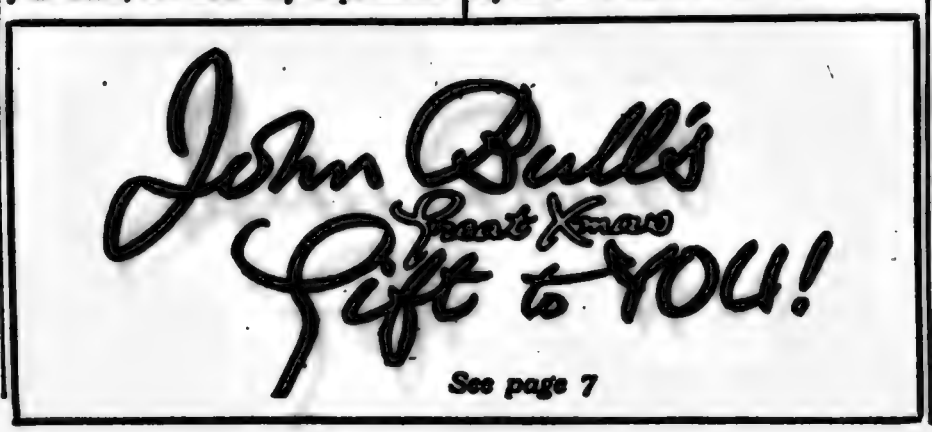
JIM CROW (Peterborough).—"I have £5,000 in the bank, and would like to meet a young lady with a similar amount." Did you get the other £5,000 as easily?

S. G. (Southport).—"My brother fights anyone and everyone, at home or in the streets." Thanks for the tip. We shall now spend Christmas at Blackpool.

PERCY (Wigan).—"I have discovered a splendid remedy for tooth-ache." Out with it!

G. W. M. (York).—"When I get back home I know my people will be simply delighted to see me." How frightfully jolly.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)



See page 7

WHY WE WILL TRUST "JOHN BULL" READERS

4/6 worth of Medicine Post Free: No Pay Unless Benefited.

This is a Fair and Honest offer that we could not make if we did not trust both JOHN BULL readers and our own medicine—Vitæ-Ore, Nature's own life-giving remedy. Some medicines benefit only some people.

VITÆ-ORE IS DIFFERENT.

Our tonic beverage Vitæ-Ore always benefits those who need it. We will therefore send you a full-sized 4s. 6d. packet, making a whole month's supply post free, on the sole understanding that you will pay for it unless you write and say that you are no better for it. **You will be better for it.**

No drug or patent medicine could be offered on such terms. If there were any reasonable chance that Vitæ-Ore would not do you good, there would be so many people who would not pay that we should be ruined!

VITÆ-ORE IS EXPENSIVE—TO US.

Vitæ-Ore is brought 5,000 miles—extracted from the dried residue of the most valuable natural healing spring in the world — the only one found by the medical profession to possess actual vitalising powers, giving new life to men and women who are ill or run-down for need of full vitality.

The Lancet, the most cautious and authoritative medical paper in existence, said of it "The clinical results obtained were satisfactory"; the _Medical Magazine_ (another doctors' paper) said: "We have no hesitation in recommending Vitæ-Ore."

The Government, having analysed Vitæ-Ore at Somerset House, exempted it from the stamp duty on patent medicines (which would have been 1s.), because Vitæ-Ore is not a patent medicine. You can have full confidence in using Vitæ-Ore, it is (as mixed for use) practically tasteless, and can be taken instead of water at meals.

HOW VITÆ-ORE CURES.

Vitæ-Ore cures by increasing the natural vitality of the system. Not only your aches and pains, or the chronic ailment that you supposed was incurable; your indigestion, your nervous debility, the early effects of advancing years are done away with; but you are better all over too. Your mind works better. Your muscles are strengthened. Your vital powers are renewed. You feel younger, more vigorous. You are better looking—your skin and eyes are clearer. It is Nature working in you. Girls who are bloodless and anæmic — pale, easily tired, short of breath when going upstairs—derive the most wonderful benefits from Vitæ-Ore. Among the ailments which have definitely disappeared when Vitæ-Ore was taken are:—

Anæmia
Neuralgia
Sciatica
Lumbago
St. Vitus' Dance
Dyspepsia
Chronic Indigestion
Backache in Women
Rheumatism
Infected Nerves
Kidney and Bladder Weakness
Sluggish Liver and All run-down conditions due to the Stomach, Kidneys, Nerves and Liver.

But these are only some of the things from which relief can be obtained. Whatever is wrong with you, Vitæ-Ore will help you, because **while every other remedy only attacks the symptoms of disease, Vitæ-Ore restores the loss of vitality, which is the cause of all disease.**

Do not delay. Take advantage of this offer at once. A month's supply sent without a penny of payment until you have taken the whole; and no charge if you say you are not benefited. It is what YOU say, not what WE say.

FACE WINTER BOLDLY.

You may have no ailment, and yet the cold and damp of Winter needs some safeguard. However little you may be run down, this precaution is wise, and you will feel the benefit You will feel the warm, rich blood coursing through your veins when you have used Vitæ-Ore; and remember, there is no charge if you say you feel no better.

That we are able to sell Vitæ-Ore on this Trial System and get payments for tens of thousands of packets proves V.-O. **must** benefit those who use it. If they were not benefited they would not pay.

Our offer is a liberal one. We send you a whole month's supply—no benefit—no pay. And you DO pay, for you ARE benefited; you will be glad and happy to pay if you accept our offer

Do not delay. Take advantage of the offer at once. Fill in the coupon or copy it, and post it to Theo. Noel Co., Ltd. (Dept. 19), 29, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4

Send this Without Money for 4s. 6d. Packet lasting a Month

To the THEO. NOEL CO., LTD.,
(Dept. 19), 29, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me a month's supply of "Vitæ-Ore," with full directions and free book of particulars.

I will use it according to the "Directions," and promise to report result in 30 days.

If it does me good I will send you 4s. 6d. in payment for the month's course of treatment. If not I will write and say so, and in that case You Are to Charge Me Nothing.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

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(Advt.

£500 — £500

THE SPORTING COMPETITION

With a reasonable chance to all who enter, to win a prize. If the prizes were 1,000's and 1,000's of pounds, 1,000's and 1,000's of people would apply, thereby reducing their chance of winning a prize to a very small one; as it is, only a few may apply, and if you are one of them, your chance will be a very good one.

IN AID OF

PETERBOROUGH INFIRMARY

You are invited to take part in an easy competition for the following valuable prizes. By sending a donation of 2s. 6d. to be given to the Infirmary, you will be presented with one free ticket in the competition; for 5s. you will receive two free tickets; for 10s. four free tickets, and so on.

PRIZE LIST:

CASH PRIZE OF £100

CASH PRIZE, 20 Guineas.		CASH PRIZE, £5 5 0	
CASH PRIZE, £15 15 0		CASH PRIZE, £5 5 0	
CASH PRIZE, £12 12 0		CASH PRIZE, £4 4 0	
CASH PRIZE, £11 11 0		CASH PRIZE, £3 3 0	
CASH PRIZE, £10 10 0		CASH PRIZE, £3 3 0	
CASH PRIZE, £10 0 0		CASH PRIZE, £2 2 0	
CASH PRIZE, £6 6 0		CASH PRIZE, £2 2 0	

500,000,000 German Marks (worth in normal times about £20,000,000).

A MOTOR CYCLE (Lady's or Gent's, CARFIELD). Purchased from Turnill North & Co., Peterborough.

TWO-VALVE WIRELESS RECEIVER SET. Given by Mr. W. H. Prevost, Broadway, Peterborough.

CASE OF PORT. Given by Messrs. E. Crisp, Ltd., Wine Merchants, Peterborough.

LADY'S or GENT'S OVERCOAT, to measure. Given by Messrs. Wilkins & Co., Oundle.

WEDDING CAKE (16 lbs.). Given by Mr. A. B. Woodcock, Confectioner, Peterborough.

SET ANTIQUE INDIAN SILVER SALT CELLARS. Given by Mr. A. Tate, City Garage, Peterborough.

CASH PRIZE, £11 11s. Given by Messrs. Turnill North, the Motor Cycle People, Peterborough.

PRIZE ENGLISH CHEDDAR CHEESE (20 lbs.). Gift of Mr. Hockney, Grocer, Oundle.

RALEIGH BICYCLE (Lady's or Gent's). Given by Mr. G. L. Julyan, Peterborough.

Ton of Best Household Coal.	**Gentleman's Suit to Measure.**
Sixteen-stone Pig.	**Side of Danish Bacon.**
Case of Sheffield Carvers.	**Case of Fish Knives and Forks.**
Chest of Tea.	**Box of Cigars.**
Lady's Tailor-made Costume.	**Armchair.**
Pure Bred Large White Gilt.	**One Doz. Pairs Silk Stockings.**
Solid Gold Bracelet Lever Watch (Value £6 6s.).	**A Quarter of Barley.**
Reading Lamp.	**Oak Coal Box.**
Art Silk Knitted Jumper.	**Officer's Brown Trench Boots.**
Ton of Firewood Logs.	**One Doz. Best Golf Balls.**
Tennis Lawn Marker & Posts.	**Trimmed Baby's Basket.**
Swan Fountain Pen.	**No Fees to Girl who wins Cake.**

Everything from a Wedding Cake to a Wedding Ring
but
YOU must find the BRIDE.

And numerous other valuable prizes, as prominent individuals and leading business firms give their support.

£500 **CLOSING VERY SOON. SO DON'T DELAY. POST YOUR LETTER AT ONCE.** **£500**

Post this Coupon to
Rev. C. A. WOODROFFE
(Dept. J.B.),
WOODNEWTON, PETERBOROUGH

I enclose donation, value..... Kindly send me..... tickets for the Peterborough Infirmary Sporting Competition.

Signed.....

Address..... .....

.....

The World's Biggest Watch Bargains!

Worth £2 10s. at least

No. 1. Lady's "Mirage" Wristlet Watch in genuine gold-filled case with hinged back. Best white enamelled dial Clear figures (Arabic or Roman). Finest gold-filled expanding bracelet (engraved or plain). Fine jewelled movement. Cost in a shop at least £3 10s. Price 21s. post free.

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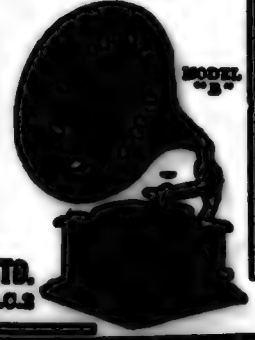

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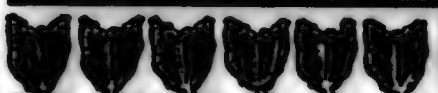

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They used to sing, with smiling faces, though their bodies were racked with agony, "Old soldiers never die—they simply fade away!" Now their wounds are healed, but they are finding that the process of fading away is a very painful one.

Here is a letter from one of these living heroes. He is one of five brothers who left home together when they heard the call to arms. Two left their bodies on the battlefield, two are still serving with the colours, the other you shall read about.

His letter was not written to us, but to a soldier brother who could not understand his long silence and reticence as to his condition. He says:

"I have been out of the Army now sixteen months and in that time I have done seven weeks' work. I am not doing anything now, and I am just about on my beam ends. If something don't turn up soon we shall all three be in the workhouse.

"I don't even possess a suit of clothes and I have to borrow a jacket before I can go out. I have sold all my own stuff to get food with.

"I manage somehow to get food for the wife and nipper but I very often go without it myself. I have had nothing to eat since Sunday, and it is now Tuesday night. I shan't get anything until tomorrow morning when I receive my 12s. pension which a grateful country has allowed me. Out of that I shall have to pay the rent, 10s., which leaves 2s. to keep the three of us until the following Wednesday, unless I can pick up anything in between."

That is a fair sample of the plight of some of Britain's living heroes whose distress we are endeavouring to alleviate through our "Greatest of These—" Fund.

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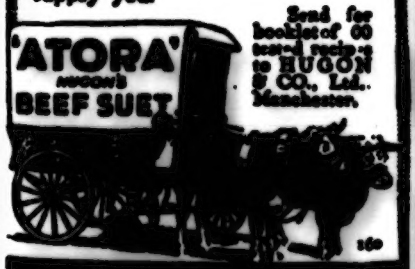

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See page 5.

2d. may help *you* to win £250.

Read the "Competitors' Journal" (Saturdays, 2d., at all newsagents), a paper described by "John Bull" as "unique." It gives you help, hints and advice in connection with this great offer—it will show you how to win prizes from the £2,000 First to the humble Target. See our issue dated November 24th for comments on "Bullets" Winning Lines in Mammoth Competition No. 500.

If your newsagent is sold out send 2d. in stamps to the Publisher and a copy of the current issue will be sent you by return.

The COMPETITORS' JOURNAL, 115, Fleet St., London, E.C.

OUR 500th "BULLETS" RESULT

The Big Winners Reviewed

THE struggle for prizes in our 500th *Bullets* Competition is over, and now on the opposite page appears a lengthy list of big cash prize-winners, representing a total of prize money amounting to well over three thousand pounds. So large a sum in solid cash has never before been distributed in any literary skill competition.

The successful efforts have only been decided upon after prolonged discussion of their merit from every possible point of view. They are typical Big Winners, and a careful study of them may assist unsuccessful competitors towards winning for themselves.

The First Prize of £2,000 has been won by the *Bullet*—"WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS — TRENCHERS FULL—TRENCHES EMPTY," which reflects the world situation in a clever and striking manner. Under-fed and war-weary as are many nations to-day, "full trenchers" suggesting well-filled plates, and "empty trenches" suggesting peace, convey the world's needs in as perfect a *Bullet* as has ever headed the list.

Second with a prize of £500 comes an excellent double-meaning effort—"ONCE—JOBS "TURNED UP" EASILY." Employment was not always the enviable possession that it is to-day. There was a time when employment "turned up" without much waiting, and when uncongenial jobs were "turned up" by their holders far more lightly than can be done at present. All this is expressed in a clever *Bullet* which well deserves its high position.

The Third Prize of £200 is won by the *Bullet*—"THE PRINCE—REMOVES HATS ROTHERMERE CAN'T," a sentiment that will be echoed by every patriotic Briton. We are all tiring of Lord Rothermere's hat-raising foolery, but our hats come willingly off to our popular Prince.

Another clever effort takes the Fourth Prize of £100—"PRETTY MAID—LIABLE TO 'TENDER NOTICE.'" There are two completely different meanings to this *Bullet*. One refers to the pretty maid who naturally attracts the "tender notice" of many admirers; the other to the pretty maid who is liable to "tender notice" at any time because she can so easily secure another situation.

Varying types of *Bullets* win the other six big prizes. Notice a clever twist of phrase in the Fifth Prize, a sound Empire sentiment in the Sixth, and the neat "Charlie Chaplin" effort which wins Seventh Prize. Clever international, humorous and philosophical *Bullets* occupy the remaining three positions.

Now let us turn from prizes already awarded to those which are still to be won. There is a First Prize of £250 offered this week, and beside many other cash prizes, the number of *Bullets* Turkeys has been increased to 150. If success has not come your way in the 500th contest, bear in mind that although the leading prizes are smaller this week, your opportunity of winning one is greater. Christmas is fast approaching—now is the time to secure your Turkey.

100 Prize-winners of £1

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ALLEN, E., 94, West Bromwich Road, Walsall.
ATKINSON, J. D., Rawthey Bank, Sedbergh, Yorks.
BEAR, W., Chapel Lane, Thorpe, Norwich.
BEECH, Mrs. G. M., 38, Church Rd., Richmond, Surrey.
BIGGS, Miss D., 14, Newall Carr Road, Otley, Yorks.
BODKIN, F. J., 20, Winfrith Road, Earlsfield, S.W.
BUCKLEY, P., 36, Kingston Rd., Woodhouse Lane, Leeds
BUGG, J., 70, Victoria Av., Cliftonville, Margate.
BURN, S. M., "Halcrot," Cooden Drive, Bexhill-on-Sea.
BRITCHER, P. W., 21, Trinity Road, Gillingham.
BROWN, A. M., 127, North Street, Luton, Beds.
CARTWRIGHT, Miss B., 31, Spencer Av., Keyham, Devonport.
COLLINGWOOD, J., 33, S'th Parade, Summerton, Oxford.
COOK, Miss P., 31, Sturry Road, Canterbury.
CORNISH, L., 7, Trinity Place, Clarence Road, Bristol.
CROOK, R., 1, Fairmount, Leeds Road, Outwood, near Wakefield.
CROPPER, W., 117, Highgate, Kendal.
DAVIDSON D., 10, St. George's Terrace, Cowpe, Waterfoot, near Manchester.
DAVIES, H., 91, New Mills Street, Walsall.
DEVALL, F. M., 33, Marsh Street, Stafford.
DODD, U. H., 205, Victoria Avenue, Hull.
DONKIN, J. B., 215, Stanhope Road, South Shields.
ELLIOTT, J., 218, Worple Road, Wimbledon, S.W.
ELLIS, G. C., 4, Council Cottages, Thundridge, near Ware, Herts.
EVANS, A., Main Street, Killough, Co. Down.
EVANS, D., 10, Rugby Road, Newport, Mon.
FAIRBAIRN, T. S., 7, Holmend, Moffat, Dumfriesshire.
FORBES, G., 17, Campie Gardens, Musselburgh, near Edinburgh.
FRANKLAND, J., 89, Otley Road, Guiseley, near Leeds.
GANNON, C., Bodmin Road, St. Austell, Cornwall.
GILCHRIST, Mrs. G., 49, Long Lane, East Finchley, N.
GLOVER, J. F., "Allendale," Osborne Road, Stockton-on-Tees.
HAINES, W., 36, Willow St., Accrington, Lancs.
HALL, W., 41, Sutherland Road, Tottenham, N.
HARDING, H., 278, Park Road, Crouch End, London, N.
HAYES, Mrs. M., 36, Vincent Parade, Birmingham.
HARRIES, W. J., 3, Queen's Av., Gorseinon, Swansea
HEATHCOTE, J., 37, Millicent Road, Nottingham.
HEDGES, J. W., (staff), R.M. Hosp., Stour, Aylesbury.
HERMON, E. E., 1, Sellons Avenue, London, N.W.
HICKS, D. V., Drake Institute, Devonport.
HOLMES, Mrs. H., 5, Glenalmond Road, Egremont, Cheshire.
HOSE, Miss M. C., 1, Bishpool Terrace, Chepstow Road, Newport, Mon.
HUSE, Mrs. E., Marsh Green, Edenbridge, Kent.
JACKSON, C., 13, Eaves Lane, Chorley, Lancs.
JACKSON, T., Rose Cott., Gotherington, nr. Cheltenham.
JAMES, W. G., "Llanfair," Cowper Gardens, Wallington, Surrey.
JENNETT, E. E., 43, Forburg Rd., Clapton Common, N.
JONES, A., 24, Pitt-roy Street, Ashton-u-Lyne.
JULETT, J., 90, High Street, Hythe, Kent.
KELLY, F. J., 54, Kingsbridge Road, Newbury, Berks.
KERR, A., 382, Main Street, Farrhead, Renfrewshire.
KIMBER, Miss M., 57, Lyndhurst Road, Portsmouth.
LATHAM, J., 50, Station Road, Croston, Preston.
LEWIS, Mrs. E., 10, Humbolt Mansions, London, S.W.
LOCKE, L., Patrick St. Johns, Isle of Man.
LOWTHER, Miss E., 61, Handsworth Road, Blackpool.
MATHER, G., 14, Colwyn St., Marsh, Huddersfield.
MAYNARD, Miss F., 61, Byron Street, Hove.
MINERS, G., Grampound Road, Cornwall.
MOORE, Miss E., 128, Shegrer Rd., Buckland, Portsm'th.
MORGAN, T. J., Alma House, Mydrim, Carms.
MORRIS, C. J., Pedairffordd, Llan'haiadr, Oswestry.
MURPHY, J., c/o. 39, Albermarle Rd., Seacombe, Ches.
MCINNES, J., 59, Brompton Road, Southsea.
NEWSOME, Mrs. M., 8, Cedar Grove, Batley, Yorks.
OFFICER, J., 32, Naylors Row, Drypool, Hull.
PAGE, C. W., 58, Nuteroft Road, Peckham, S.E.
PAPE, T., St. John's Road, Jersey.
PARKER, T., 108, St. Sepulchre Gate, Doncaster.
PATTERSON, C. D., 38, Scottish Provident Bldgs., Belf'st
PEAKE, F. A., 20, Shell Road, St. Johns, London, S.E.
PETERS, Mrs. L., 23, Wellington Street, North Shields.
RICE, J. A., Station Road, Letterston, Pem.
RICHARD, W., 99, Ann Street, Greenock, N.B.
RIXTON, W. E., 48, Brownlow Street, Weymouth.
ROBERTS, R., Swinefleet, Goole.
ROBIN, R., 38, Church Street, Lyme Regis, Dorset.
ROSIER, C., 5, Blue Row, Beaumont, Clacton-on-Sea.
Sebley, Miss E., 59, Mawson Road, Cambridge.
SIMS, A. C., The Turning, Garway, Herefordshire.
SMITH, F., 3, Southfield Road, Birmingham.
SMITH, T. H., 4, Albert Road, Hounslow, Middlesex.
SMITHSON, J., Herbert Lodge, Clevedon, Som.
SOUTH, B., 17, Penyfell Road, Crawley, Sussex.
SPURRIER, H. F., 228, London Rd., Hackbridge, Surrey
STABLES, Mrs. T., 3, Horse Wynd, Kirkcaldy, N.B.
STRONG, W., 73, Grove Street, Leek, Staffs.
SWINDEN, A. H., 153, Western Road, Crookes, Sheffield.
SYSON, W., 42, Pulford Street, Anfield, Liverpool.
THOMAS, H., Lonlas, Llansamlet, Swansea.
TUNGATE, G. S., 5, St. Cross Road, Winchester.
VIRGO, Mrs. A., 61, Briardale Rd., Mossley Hill, Liv'p'l.
WALPOLE, W., 51, Recreation Road, Tilehurst, Reading.
WARD, F. P., Telephone Bldgs., Commercial St., Sheff'ld
WHITE, W., 28, Stanley Road, Wellingborough.
WINTON, T., Findon, Worthing, Sussex.
WRIGGLESWORTH, Miss, St. Catherine's, Church Street, Kidderminster.
YOUNG, A. A., Dalwhinnie, Inverness, N.B.

List of Five-figure Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 500 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "JOHN BULL."

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 504.

WINSTON CHURCHILL	WHAT WE EXPECT
OUR FOOD	CHEERING
DANGEROUS GAME	ON OUR SIDE
1d. ASSESSMENT	MATTER OF OPINION
GEORGE THOMAS	ON THE TABLE
A FIGHT	PASSING THE HAT
PERFECT PICTURE	GROWING OLDER
A LONG RUN	LIGHTNING
EASY BEAUTY	A STILL TONGUE
SPEAKING HER	IN THE PAST

These Examples may be made use of on the Coupons on page 43, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, NOV. 22. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 504 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 504, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. 503.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 500.

FIRST PRIZE OF £2,000:

Mr. W. TOMLINSON, 40, Esmond Road, Cheetham Hill, Manchester.

Example:—WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS
Bullet:—TRENCHERS FULL—TRENCHES EMPTY.

SECOND PRIZE OF £500:

Mr. F. H. ROGERS, 11, Wood View, Arundel, Sussex.
Example:—ONCE
Bullet:—JOBS "TURNED UP" EASILY.

THIRD PRIZE OF £200:

Mr. S. BLACKETT, 1, Station Villa, Chase Road, Malvern, Worcs.
Example:—THE PRINCE
Bullet:—REMOVES HATS ROTHERMERE CAN'T.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £100:

Mrs. H. P. BUSH, 61, Eltham Road, Lee, Kent.
Example:—PRETTY MAID
Bullet:—LIABLE TO "TENDER NOTICE."

FIFTH PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. G. H. GEVELIN, 39, Wortham Road, Hornsey.
Example:—WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS
Bullet:—PASSIONS RULED—RATIONS POOLED.

SIXTH PRIZE OF £30:

Mr. F. R. PARTINGTON, 23, Harriet Place, Haywood's Lane.
Example:—ALWAYS WITH US
Bullet:—DOMINIONS, BECAUSE NOT BOUND.

SEVENTH PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. ALFRED CATCHPOLE, 29, Craven Road, Shepherd's Bush.
Example:—CHARLIE CHAPLIN
Bullet:—SEATS BECOME "ROCKING-CHAIRS."

EIGHTH PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. S. G. HUNT, "Hampton," 29, Bristol Road, Gloucester.
Example:—WHERE ENGLAND STANDS
Bullet:—WALLFLOWER IS WORLD'S BALLROOM.

NINTH PRIZE OF £5:

Mr. FRANK BIRD, Griston Road, Watton, Thetford, Norfolk.
Example:—How IT HAPPENED
Bullet:—LADY JOCKEY'S HAT SLIPPED.

TENTH PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. T. R. JONES, 32, Linton Street, Canton, Cardiff.
Example:—WHEN NOBODY'S LOOKING
Bullet:—CONSCIENCE MAKES WALLS WINDOWS.

5 Prizes of £10 each:

A. DALRYMPLE, 21, James Orr Street, Glasgow: WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN—"CAPACITY"—FRANCE MADE "RESISTANCE."

W. CHASE, Ribble Café, Ribchester, Lancs.: IN LOVE—POSTMASTER HAS SPLENDID ALLY.

R. T. CHARLTON, Dundarroch Street, Larbert, Stirlingshire: THE PRINCE — SERVED "APPRENTICESHIP"—"JOURNEYMAN" NOW.

G. COTTIS, c/o T. Rennard, 156, New Town, Waltham Cross: ONCE—WE "GOT ALONG" COMFORTABLY.

Mrs. HIBBERT, 1, Wallis Street, Prestwich, Manchester: BETTER OR WORSE—EMIGRATION—ACCORDING TO EMIGRANT.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

Mrs. HURMAN, 19, Richmond Terrace, Clifton, Bristol: WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS—DEPENDS WHICH PREMIER'S TALKING.

GEORGE BATESON, 24, Reservoir Road, Pellon, Halifax: LITTLE HEAVEN—TILL PARSON "JOINED" THEM.

RICHARD MARSH, 202, Seely Road, Mitcham Lane, Tooting Junction: WHAT GRANDPA SAYS—BABY HAS HIS HAIR.

W. BURCHELL, 40, Grove Crescent Road, Stratford: AT PRESENT—EMPIRE BASKER TEACHING MOTHER.

G. H. TITTERSON, 37, Council Cottages, Broadway, Worcs.: THE PRINCE—CANNOT MAKE STOCKING FASHIONABLE.

J. L. MAGGIN, Hollingworth Lake, Littleborough, Lancs.: A BOOMERANG—STEAM LAUNDRY'S BLACK SMOKE.

W. HATHAWAY, 4, Cumberland Road, Manor Park: NICE IDEA—FREE SAMPLES—MOTOR EXHIBITION.

J. C. JENKIN, "Ellesmere," Cae-Gwyn Road, Whitchurch, Near Cardiff: WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN—MONEY SMILES SURVEYING HUMANITY.

Miss F. MAIDMAN, 101, High Street, Sutton, Surrey: WHAT GRANDPA SAYS—YOUNGSTERS WICKED, BEFORE CHARGE.

Mrs. A. SCHOLLICK, St. Andrews Street, Blackburn: NICE IDEA—BIGGER FOOTBALL—REFEREE INSIDE.

Turkey Prizes Increased!!

150 'BULLETS' TURKEYS THIS WEEK

This week 150 specially selected Turkeys are to be won. Winners will receive them in ample time for their Christmas dinner.

2nd Prize £20

3rd Prize £10

10 PRIZES OF £5
10 PRIZES OF £2
100 PRIZES OF £1

BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE
£250

200 PRIZES OF 5/-
500 PRIZES OF 2/6
4,000 TARGET PRIZES

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 503.

WHAT BALDWIN WANTS
AT WESTMINSTER
THE LAST WORD
COMING FIGHT
ON THE PLATFORM
THE UNSEEN
AT THE GATE
IN BERLIN
RUINED
WHEN SUN SHINES
PRETTY SOON
AT THE OFFICE
FREE SAMPLE
IN OUR WAY
HASTY DECISION
IN NO HURRY
LAST HOPE
GRASPING
WORTH CONSIDERING
AFTER A FEW
CHANGING SCENE
BY KIND PERMISSION
EVERYBODY KNOWS
SPREADING
ROOM ON TOP
A STRUGGLE
EVERY DAY
HER HOME
WITHOUT PAYMENT
WHEN THINGS ARE QUIET
LOOKING BACK
ONLY HUMAN

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. "Bullets" must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "and Co." Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

List of £1 Prize-winners will be found on page 62.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" — NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed: then give Two, Three or Four words having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, EACH of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you: *Example*:—HOLIDAY PROBLEM *Bullet*:—WEARING EVERYTHING SHE'S TAKEN. *Example*:—ON THE MOVE *Bullet*:—"SUBMERGED WRECK." BECOMES MENACE. *Example*:—FIRST THING *Bullet*:—AFTER ENGLISHMAN'S SACRIFICE—CIGARETTE. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 503, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 22
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(503) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 22
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(503) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 22
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(503) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 22
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(503) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

☞ If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the Winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 503 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

Big Christmas Offer Coming!!

Nervous Breakdown

Shows that your Nerves are Starving

Give them the Finest Nourishment in the World —Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Statement by
Mrs. M. E. Whitehurst

Writing from Acacia House, 77, Rainham-Road, Chatham, Mrs. M. E. Whitehurst, says: "I feel it my duty to write to you regarding Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I am very thankful that I was advised to take them. I was very ill from a nervous breakdown after the death of my husband, and was quite helpless—indeed, I could do nothing for myself. I took Dr. Cassell's Tablets, however, and I am now quite well and strong, and you may be sure I shall recommend them to all my friends."

TAKE TWO AT BED-TIME
and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

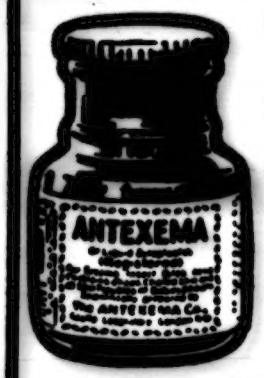
Take Dr. Cassell's for

Nervous Breakdown	Anæmia
Neuralgia	Palpitation
Neuritis	Kidney
Sciatica	Weakness
Sleeplessness	Children's
Rheumatism	Weakness
Nerve Pains	Weakness
Headache	Wasting

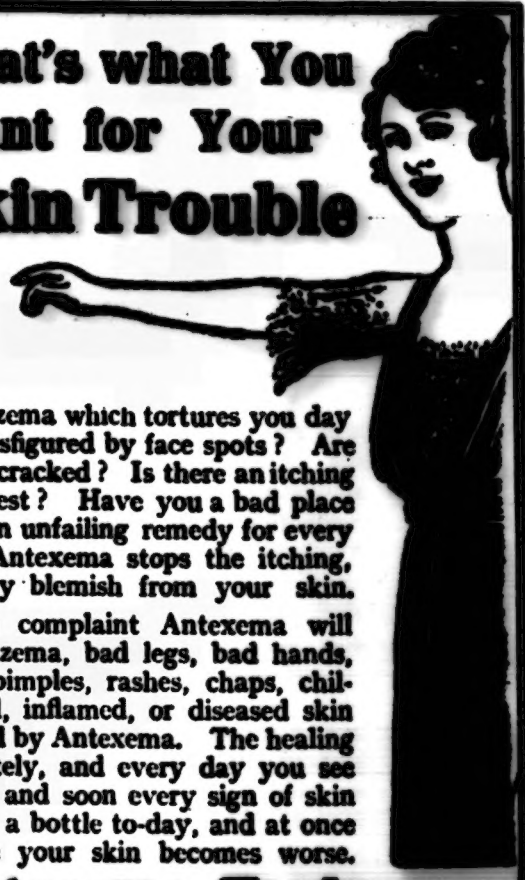
Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Prices 1/3 and 3/-
Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.



That's what You want for Your Skin Trouble



Are you worried by eczema which tortures you day and night? Are you disfigured by face spots? Are your hands red, rough or cracked? Is there an itching rash on your back or chest? Have you a bad place on your leg? There's an unfailing remedy for every one of these troubles. Antexema stops the itching, and soon removes every blemish from your skin.

Whatever your skin complaint Antexema will cure it completely. Eczema, bad legs, bad hands, babies' skin troubles, pimples, rashes, chaps, chilblains, and all irritated, inflamed, or diseased skin conditions are conquered by Antexema. The healing process starts immediately, and every day you see a steady improvement, and soon every sign of skin illness disappears. Get a bottle to-day, and at once start your cure before your skin becomes worse.

Get Antexema To-day

Antexema is supplied by all chemists and stores. Also of Boots', Harrod's, Selfridge's Whiteley's, Parke's, Timothy White's, Taylor's Drug Co., and Lewis and Burrows', at 3s. and 1s. 3d., the larger size being the more economical; or direct post free 3s. and 1s. 6d., from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. 1. Also throughout India, Australia, New Zealand Canada, South Africa, and Europe.

Use Antexema Soap (pine tar) and keep your skin clear of all blemishes and protect yourself against infection. It is fragrant, refreshing and healthful. 8d. tablets.

GET THIS COAT NOW!

So great has been the demand that our stock of materials is running low, and we are afraid we shall not be able to continue the supply very much longer.

Triple-Proofed Gabardine Trench Coat

(The famous Officer's Coat).

A COMBINED WINTER OVERCOAT AND RAINCOAT.

CURZON'S were the first to introduce this Coat at a popular price. When costs of materials were high two years ago, we were selling this Coat at 70/- when others were asking 90/- to 120/-.

For this Season we have been fortunate in arranging for large supplies of the materials, enabling us to offer this famous Coat complete for **£2** Carriage paid by Parcel Post to your door.

It is important to remember that the quality of the garment is exactly the same as when the Coat was sold at the higher price.

It is equally important to remember that the price of the Curzon Coat includes the Detachable Wool Lining, for which some other firms ask 10/- to 20/- extra.

This is a coat for a lifetime, being absolutely stormproof and weatherproof, and affording complete protection against the most inclement weather. Its unique features are:—

1. It is lined with smart check plaid.
2. It is rubber interlined.
3. It has a detachable wool lining (for cold weather use) which can be fixed or removed in a minute.
4. All materials used in the production of this coat are guaranteed fast dyes and unshrinkable.

This lining can be removed without in any way affecting the smart appearance of the coat, and in this way can be worn in warm or mild weather. There are buttons sewn on inside the coat and buttonholes on the wool lining which enables it to be securely fastened on in a minute and thus makes the coat during cold weather equal to a winter overcoat as well as a Raincoat. The only coat on the market that answers the purpose of two or more coats. Post free on receipt of £2, under our guarantee to refund your money should the coat on delivery fail to give satisfaction. These coats can also be supplied in Navy Blue, guaranteed fast dye, at 45/- carriage paid.

When ordering give your height and chest measurement (taken over waistcoat).
Orders by post to be sent to

CURZON BROS., Ltd.

The World's Measure Tailors,
New Head Depot:
36 & 37, New Bridge St., Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4

THESE COATS CAN BE OBTAINED AT OUR HEAD DEPOT AS ABOVE AND BRANCHES AS FOLLOWS:—

WEST END: 156, Strand, W.C.; 491, Strand, W.C.; 113, New Oxford Street, W.C.; 29 & 30, Chancery Lane, W.C.; 98, Southampton Row, W.C.; 13, Old Compton Street, W.

CITY: 70 & 72, City Road, E.C.; 34, Liverpool Street, E.C.; 169, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.; 16, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 16, The Arcade, Liverpool Street Station (Met.), E.C.; 76, Aldersgate Street, E.C.; 115, Fleet Street, E.C.; 272, Whitechapel, E.C.

ALSO AT:—
DEPTFORD, WOOLWICH, FOREST GATE, SHOREDITCH, EUSTON, POPLAR, FINCHLEY, KINGSTON, RICHMOND, TWICKENHAM, SUTTON, SOUTHEND, WESTCLIFF, WIMBLEDON, HOVE and GRAVESEND.

Fill in this Coupon or order by letter mentioning JOHN BULL.

To CURZON BROS., LTD., 36 & 37, New Bridge Street, London, E.C. 4.

Please send me one of your coats as advertised, carriage paid for £2 (if Navy Blue, 45/-) under your guarantee to refund money if on receipt of the garment I am not fully satisfied.

My height is.....

My chest measure (taken over waistcoat) is .....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

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